

Relief drive needs volunteers

Today declared East Pakistan Day

by Linda Wall

Mayor Jean Drapeau has declared today, Friday, to be East Pakistan Day in Montreal.

He has appealed to all Montrealers to give generous donations to the relief fund for the victims of the East Pakistan disaster.

Volunteers with collection boxes will be stationed all over the city, with the greatest number of canvassers in the downtown area.

The East Pakistan Relief Fund committee, organizing today's collection, urgently needs more volunteers to go out with collection boxes.

"Whatever time people can spare will be useful," said David Elisha, committee co-ordinator. "They only have to go out for a few hours."

All the money that is collected in Montreal today goes directly

to Red Cross headquarters, and then will be sent on to East Pakistan.

"We have collected \$150,000 worth of medical supplies," said Elisha. "Now we need a plane to transport them to Europe. From there they will be sent to East Pakistan."

The Committee has made an emergency appeal to the airline industry in general and to Air Canada in particular, to supply transportation for the supplies. It has no money to pay for transportation.

Sultan Akhtar, treasurer of the East Pakistan Relief Committee said yesterday that the air lift of medical supplies from Dorval Airport will begin today. Pakistan International Airlines has made arrangements to have the supplies flown from Canada to Europe. Canadian Army trucks will take the supplies to the airport.

Relief fund needs help

The East Pakistan Relief Fund urgently needs volunteers for a city-wide campaign today, which has been declared East Pakistan Day in the metropolitan area. Canvassers will be collecting in shopping centres, office buildings, along main streets and on the campus. Volunteers are asked to go to Room 416 in the union any time today, or phone 843-8894, 392-8918 and 845-6484.

MCGILL DAILY

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Postage paid in cash at 3rd class rate-permit no. 11024. — Return postage guaranteed at 3480 McTavish, Montreal.

Civil Liberties Teach-in

WMA repeal urged

About 100 people came to the Union Ballroom yesterday to hear speakers denounce the actions of the provincial and federal governments, demand the restoration of civil liberties, and analyze the social and economic roots of the present situation in Quebec.

A petition circulated by the McGill branch of the Quebec Committee for the Defence of Liberty, which organized the teach-in, called for the immediate abrogation of exceptional measures; an immediate end to the "occupation of Quebec by the Canadian army" and police and military repression; the liberation and exoneration of those ar-

rested under the exceptional measures and their rehabilitation if they have already been charged, since "crimes have been created which previously did not exist;" and the solution of the "social and economic injustices which are the real problems of Quebec."

Michel Pelletier, of the McGill School of Social Work, accused the Federal government of representing, not the people, but international capital.

"Our federal government is being taken out of the hands of the Canadians and is serving more and more the interests of the international companies," he charged.

He also attacked government statements about the representativeness of union leaders. "It is certainly the workers' unions who can represent the specific interests of the workers — when the government pretends that it knows what the workers want better than the unions, there is something wrong."

"The authorities do not necessarily follow the rules they lay down when they find they aren't working," Pelletier commented. "There is a military occupation in Quebec because the government found that they did not have the general support of the peo-

ple, that they were isolated. They used force to suppress the will of the people."

Simone Chartrand, a journalist and the wife of imprisoned labour leader Michel Chartrand, analyzed

by Arnold Bennett

ed the various abrogations of civil liberties which have taken place under the government's emergency measures. She called for the "right of the Québécois to continue to live as a free people."

When one French-speaking student emotionally appealed for the "right to live" of Pierre Laporte and James Cross and defended the calling in of troops as a check on terrorism, although he "did not disagree" with what had been said at the teach-in, Mme Chartrand replied scathingly.

"I strongly condemn all forms of terrorism and threat to human life," she made clear, and then demanded the "right to live" of the workers, living in poor conditions or dying of industrial diseases.

"Who does the army protect?" she asked bitterly. "Always 'les grands et les gros!'"

Claire Culhane of the Quebec Voice of Women, charged that "Trudeau's police are doing the same thing as Duplessis' police," and that "there is only a measure of degree between what is happening in Viet Nam and what is happening in Canada."

She laid the final blame for the repression in Quebec at the door of the American government. "Quebec is a puppet government of Ottawa, and Ottawa is a puppet of Washington."

Michel Van Schindel, the editor of "Socialisme Québécois," analysed Anglo-American economic domination of Quebec, and like Pelletier, linked the actions of the federal government with the interests of financial circles.

His thesis was that "the financiers have an interest in maintaining, by force if necessary, the dependence of Quebec on Canada."

Ottawa, he said, is unable to

(Continued on page 7)



Daily photo by Ric White

AT THE START OF A NEW WINTER OFFENSIVE, the Inoffensive Army assists in moving Relief Fund supplies to Pakistan. The Relief Committee urgently needs volunteers and supplies today.

Naturalist tells tale of turned-on dog

by Mona Goldstein

Jane Goodall, internationally renowned naturalist, charmed the pants off an enthusiastic crowd last night with an illustrated lecture on the "Innocent Killers" of Africa.

Miss Goodall recounted many humorous anecdotes, including the story of a turned-on wild dog. It seems that a wild cub ingested a rare hallucinatory mushroom and proceeded to charge a Wildebeest, the cub's natural predator and an animal several times its size.

"After observing this we were quite startled," commented Miss Goodall. "Needless to say, so was the Wildebeest!"

Miss Goodall, who is a baroness, was speaking to a near capacity audience from

the Zoological Society of Canada in Leacock 132.

In the past, her work with chimpanzees has resulted in a National Geographic film "Miss Goodall and the Wild Chimpanzees" and a book "My Friends the Wild Chimpanzees." For the past three years she and her husband the baron Hugo van Lawick have been studying hyenas, wild dogs, and jackals in Africa's Ngorongoro Crater.

During her lecture Miss Goodall discussed various aspects of these animals' hunting, mating, and child-rearing habits. She tried to destroy the myths that they are the cruellest killers in Africa.

"The way the hyenas and jackals kill — it isn't nice. They disembowel their living victims. However, death comes in 3-4 minutes

(unlike the lion and tigers' victims who may suffer for ten minutes before death) and we believe the deep wounds numb the sense of pain."

When questioned about her motivation for working in the wilds, Miss Goodall replied that "Our approach is new-most studies deal with the ecology and its relation to vast numbers of animals. Our study concentrates in getting to know individual personalities."

Dr. Robert Lemon of McGill's Biology department closed the meeting by commending Miss Goodall's work and telling how she had inspired several of his students to work with animals in the wilds.

The meeting was transferred from the Royal Bank Auditorium to McGill because of the "political situation in Quebec."

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NOTICE TO ALL STAFF

There is a meeting today at 1 pm in the Daily office to discuss the Christmas issue. The meeting is mandatory so be there.

ECONOMICS STUDENTS' UNION

Important meeting today at 1 pm, Leacock 219, to discuss:

● Proceedings of student-faculty committee

● Action to be taken regarding next Friday's Departmental meeting.

The student-faculty committee has failed to reach agreement on the issue of student participation in the Department. All economics students are urged to attend today's meeting to decide on a course of action.

Today**ENGINEERING PHOTO CLUB:**

Sign up for membership, \$3. McConnel Lobby, 1 pm.

FACULTY OF MUSIC: Music Demonstration, Vashy Quartet. 3630 Drummond, 2 pm.

Concert, Vashy Quartet from Queen's University. Redpath, 8:30 pm.

CURLING CLUB (MEN): Practice: One sheet available. Caledonia C.C., Westmount, 1 pm.

ENGLISH DEPT. DRAMA PROGRAMME: "Areopagus" - A Theatron by Robert Tembeck, Tickets - 8:30 pm. Union Box

Office or at the door.

CURLING CLUB (WOMEN'S): Curling, Caledonia C.C., 2-5 pm.

IRANIAN STUDENTS' ASSOC.: General Meeting, Union 123, 8 pm.

RADIO MCGILL INSOUND: Today, The Who perform "Tommy" Campus, 2-8 pm.

WOMEN'S SQUASH: Intercollegiate Team practice & instruction for all. Currie Gym, 1:45 pm.

GHANAIAAN STUDENTS: Important general meeting, Welcome! Union 307, 7 pm.

CANTERBURY ANGLICAN CHAPLAINCY: Meeting to discuss Folk Mass. Yellow Door, 3625 Aylmer, 1 pm.

NEWMAN CENTRE: Thanksgiving Supper. 3484 Peel, 6:15 pm.

ISLAMICS: Friday Prayer. Union 458, 1:15 - 1:45 pm.

STUDENT INFORMATION CENTRE: Problems? Come see us!

Union Switchboard, 12-3 pm.

FILM SOCIETY: Midnight Cowboy with Dustin Hoffman. L132, 6:30 & 9 pm.

IRANIAN STUDENT SOCIETY: Documentary Film on Iran. Union 123-124, 8:30 pm.

ANTHROPOLOGY STUDENTS ASSOCIATION: Discussion with Departmental Prof. concerning Graduate Schools, All students welcome. Leacock 738, 1-3 pm.

PPO: Get your asses out to the Queen's hockey game. Winter Stadium, 8 pm.

FIGURE SKATING: Special - Extra session - Come and practice for Intramural Dec. 5. Winter Stadium, 5-6 pm.

REDMEN BAND: Queen's Game: Staying to the end. Bandroom, 7:15 pm.

SANDWICH THEATRE: Two Executioners, by Fernando Arrabal. Union Theatre, 1 pm.

NEWMAN CENTRE: Thanksgiving Mass. 3484 Peel, 5:30 pm.

SATURDAY

FACULTY OF MUSIC: Band Concert. Redpath Hall, 8:30 pm.

CURLING CLUB MEN: Games in Leagues A & B, Important. Heather Club, 24 Cleve Rd. Hampstead, 8:30 am. - 12 noon.

BASIC AND FIGURE SKATING: Regular Practice, all welcome. Winter Stadium, 10 am - 12 noon.

DEPT. OF ENGLISH DRAMA PROGRAMME: "Areopagus" - A Theatron by Robert Tembeck, Tickets at the door. Moyse Hall, Arts Bldg, 8:30. Price: Students \$1, Others \$2.

BACK DOOR COFFEE HOUSE: Bruce Cockburn, Last night. 985 Sherbrooke, 8:30-12 pm.

YELLOW DOOR COFFEE HOUSE: Peter Thom. 3625 Aylmer, 8:30-12 pm.

PGSS: Grey Cup-Bar hours lengthened. Grad Centre, Bar opens at 2 pm.

CURLING CLUB (WOMEN'S): No curling today.

RADIO MCGILL INSOUND: Today, and every Saturday. Campus, 12-6 pm.

WOMEN'S INTERCOLLEGIATE BASKETBALL (SPORTS DAY): Game-Intermediates vs. Queen's at McGill, Currie Gym, 1 pm.

CHINESE STUDENT SOCIETY: Basketball practice, (make it on time). Currie Gym, 10:30 am.

MCGILL FILM SOCIETY SPECIAL: Marat/De Sade, 75 cents PSCA, 6 & 8:15 & 10:30 pm.

GEORGE SPRINGATE: Kicks cup-winning field goal at 3:15.

SUNDAY

FACULTY OF MUSIC & JEUNESSES MUSICALES: Audio-Visual Folklore, Jacques Lebrecque. Redpath, 8:30 pm.

YELLOW DOOR COFFEE HOUSE: Open Hoot, Everyone and His Brother. 3625 Aylmer, 8:30 - 12 pm.

LUTHERAN STUDENT MOVEMENT: Folk worship, coffee following. 3594 Jeanne Mance, 7 pm.

GARDNER HALL FILM CLUB: "The Sword in the Stone". 3925 University Street, 7 & 9 pm.

YO-YO CLUB: Crowning of King "Yo-Yo" 'Robert Robert'. Union Ballroom, 6:30 am. - 7:30 pm.

Bring your own snark.

CANTERBURY ANGLICAN CHAPLAINCY: Folk Mass, followed by Get-Together. Back Door, 985 Sherbrooke W., 5 pm.

NEWMAN CENTRE: Eucharistic celebration, 3484 Peel, 10 am & 8 pm.

POETS

Kappa Alpha Society, a literary and social fraternity, in conjunction with The Supplement is sponsoring a poetry session to get acquainted with "undiscovered" poets today, November 27 at the Kappa Alpha Society House 3605 University Street.

BRACKHAGE

'Norman McLaren is a hip Walt Disney': So said Stan Brakhage, one of the leading non-commercial film-makers in the United States, as he addressed a crowd of 300 in the PSCA last night. Mr. Brakhage, an interesting and controversial speaker, will be at McGill for two more days before he makes his debut at the Film Board at 2 pm. Friday.

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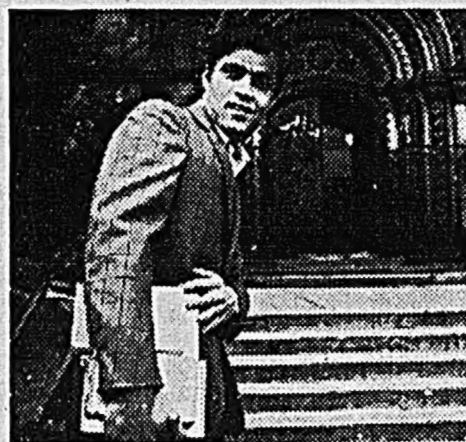
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Letters

MFU already represents librarians

Sir,
May I, as the representative of McGill librarians in the McGill Faculty Union, present a correction to the otherwise excellent article by your reporter Alan Freeman entitled "McGill libraries need union" (McGill Daily, Nov. 24). Mr. Freeman states that there is no union representing McGill professors or professional librarians. In fact this is not the case. The McGill Faculty Union, affiliated with the CSN, has been in existence over two years. Any faculty members or professional librarians are welcome to join it. It so happens that I am the only librarian who has wanted to join it. Under its present constitution MFU cannot accept non-professional library staff as its members. It is however most ready to hear their complaints against the Administration (including that of letters being unanswered by the Director of Libraries) and to defend their rights as it would defend the rights of its members.

Otherwise I fully agree with Mr. Freeman that the non-professional members of McGill library staff should also have their union. Three years ago, before the creation of the MFU, I had tried to form a union of McGill library staff, both professional and non-professional. First of all I wrote to the then President of MULSA saying that I should like to make a proposal, to be voted upon by the members, to transform MULSA into a union. Apparently my proposal was too ridiculous to deserve a reply. Accordingly I resigned my MULSA membership and published a letter in the "McGill Free Press" (then temporarily acting in place of "McGill Daily") inviting all McGill library staff members to get in touch with me to form a union. Not a single one responded! The only reason I can think of is fear. As Mr. Freeman correctly analyses:

"Many workers seem pleased to have any job at all. It's hard to be an agitator when you know

there are ten people waiting to get your job if you're suddenly fired."

If there was so much fear then under a bourgeois-capitalist democracy how much fear there would be now under the fascist tyranny inaugurated by the War Measures Act!

Jan W. Weryho

Telegram

Sir,
Headline and article in McGill Daily of Wednesday November eleven regarding committee for Liberation of Southern Africa and the African National Congress has been drawn to my attention. Under no circumstances will the McGill Committee or any other committee in North America receive any grant or subsidy from the African National Congress. The African Congress accepts support from various groups throughout the world at its own terms but should not be identified in any way with groups concerned with Southern Africa.

Gladston Ntlatati
African National Congress
Cambridge Mass.

Kudos for Legal Aid

Sir,
Through the Daily I should like to express my gratitude to the volunteers of the McGill Legal Aid Service for their invaluable assistance in successfully defending what seemed to be a lost cause.

My wife and I had been trying for two months to reason with lower-strata officials in a government department, and, our Sisyphean labour producing no results, we had started making plans to leave Montreal (despite the heavy financial loss this would have involved). In desperation, we took our case to the legal aid volunteers.

It was a last-ditch effort, since ours didn't even seem like a legal problem, and as far as we were concerned, the most suitable action would have been to insert rockets into the appropriate sphincters of all rubber-stamp workers with inflated ideas of their own importance.

However, within a relatively short time, and without having to resort to this drastic measure

our "case" was successfully closed and a blow was struck for the cause of "exceptions to the rule." Had we gone to Union 412 in the first place, we would have saved ourselves two months of intermittent frustration and abject depression.

I would strongly recommend that students make full use of the valuable assistance available to them. And there's no need to make it the last recourse — these guys are competent upper-year law students who have put themselves at the disposal of the McGill community because they want to help.

John E. Ritchie

Student co-op gunned down

Sir,
The University's reaction to the idea of a student co-op residence is a deplorable attempt to elude the consequence of a bad decision.

Dr. Gunn's report says that the student co-op should not be built because it will "presumably reduce somewhat further the occupancy of the existing residences." Dr. Gunn then goes on to blame the phasing out of the first two undergraduate years for the decrease of occupants in the residences. In addition he forecasts that the number of upper year students will not increase.

Gunn and Vice-Principal Shaw regard the design of the existing residences and the food in residences as much less important factors. They do not mention the hill on which the residences are situated. They do not mention the isolation caused by this hill and the fact that there are no young ladies living on top of it. They do not mention all of the little nuisance rules that exist: i.e., open house hours.

These bad decisions: building ugly and non-functional buildings on top of a huge hill, and allowing the food there to become and remain tasteless and of dubious nutritional value are the reasons that the number of residents is declining — not the CEGEP whipping horse dragged out once more by low caliber administrators who lack the honesty and integrity to admit their own mistakes. They instead find it necessary to veto the few good decisions that are made.

Paul Jacobs E1

Love it or leave it

It's beginning to look like the threatened exodus of Quebec specialists because of Medicare was more of a threat than a reality. Earlier this week Dr. Raymond Robillard of The Federation of Medical Specialists, in another of his continuing series of scare tactics, announced that one fourth of the province's anaesthetists were on their way to brighter horizons. A check of the facts does not confirm this. While a large number of local anaesthetists are seriously considering making a break for it, it doesn't appear likely that the great exodus Dr. Robillard expects is forthcoming.

Clearly, most people able to go somewhere else and do the same job for more money (and in a less volatile political climate) will be strongly compelled to move. It's only rational. And the Quebec government's unwillingness to match doctors' salaries with other provinces' schemes looks like something of a tactical flaw. But it is the result of Quebec's particular economic weaknesses and its miserable health situation (hospitals are inadequate, doctors are scarce, life expectancy — especially in rural areas — is lower than in the rest of Canada.) In short, Quebec needs better medical care, but it is severely restrained by a shortage of funds.

The Quebec government's decision to stand fast against the threats of the specialists, then, is more a fiscal necessity than a decisive moral stand, despite Claude Castonguay's righteous rhetoric.

As the government and the specialists come to an agreement (and one is impending) the issue will shift from the financial to the moral plane. It is then that we will discover what kind of doctors we have. Many will leave, and some already have. English Quebecers will comprise a visible segment of this group. But many more will stay. It is the latter group, those who feel a greater responsibility to their patients than to their profit-maximizing businessman self-images, who will deflate Dr. Robillard's predictions.

And well they should. Unless conditions are truly intolerable, it is hard for a sincere doctor to simply abandon his patients. The public must reinforce these sentiments with the argument that they are unwilling to pay for the expensive training of another province's doctors.

Quebec is not a province like all the others, particularly in the health field. A province which faces 15% unemployment this winter cannot afford to pay its doctors the same as Ontario can. It is time for Quebecers — the English community especially — to affirm their intention to work together to improve conditions in this province and their willingness to suffer the inevitable short-term setbacks.

If English Quebecers, such as doctors, decide to turn their backs on Quebec when things suddenly get a little sticky, the Quebecois won't need any manifestos to tell them who the exploiters are.

Joey Treiger

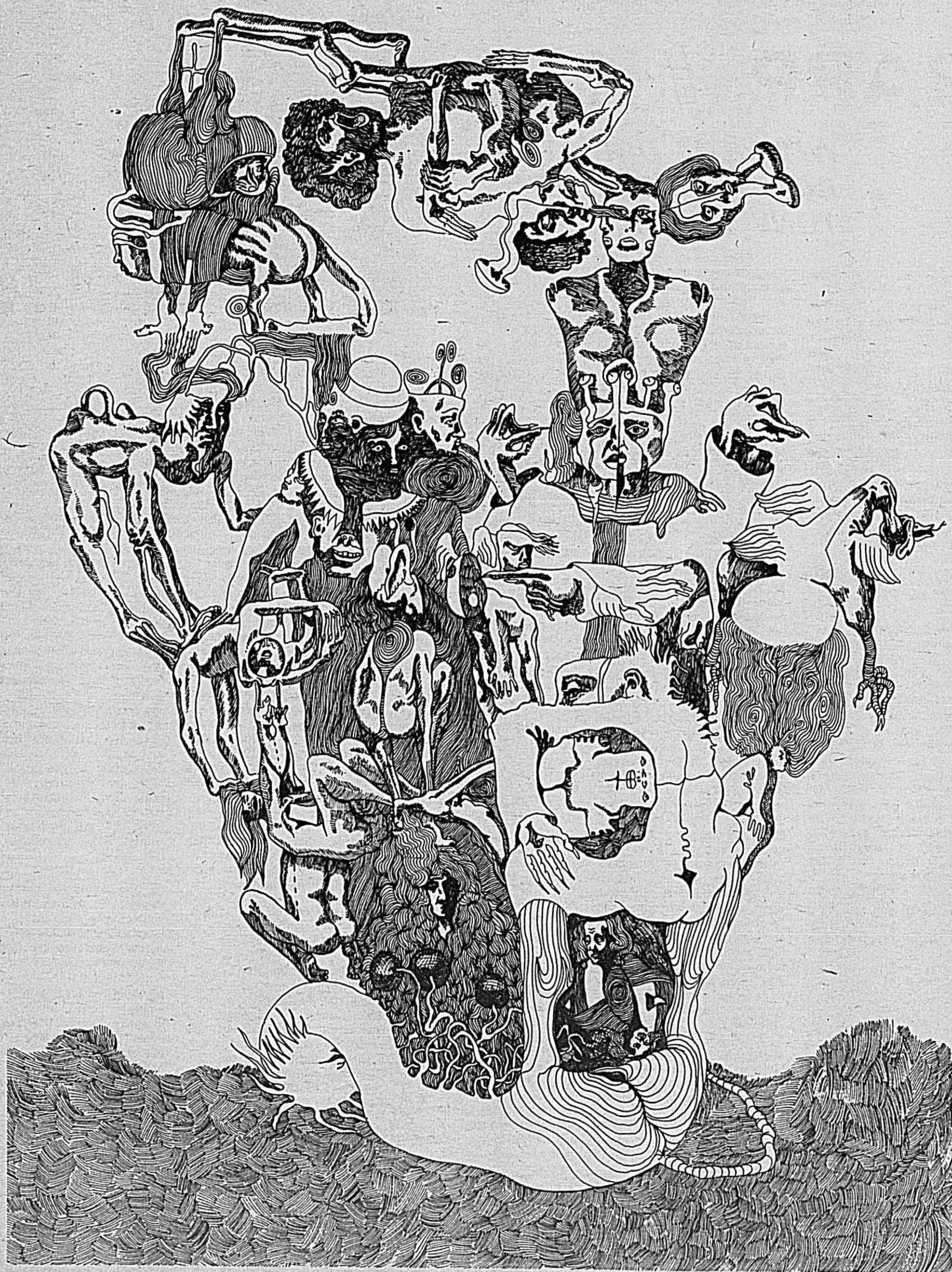
Lean and Hungry

George Kopp



the Supplement

NOVEMBER 27, 1970

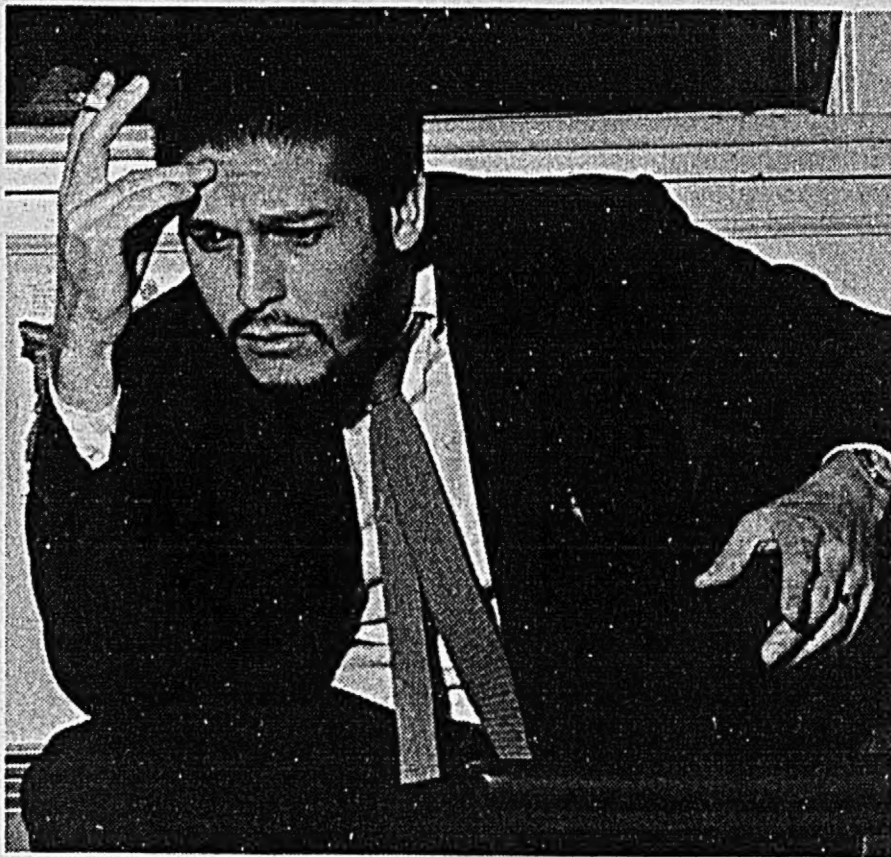


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RAPP # 1

WITH THE DIRECTOR
BOB TEMBECK AND
TONY EVANS



Robert Tembeck is a professor in the English department of McGill university. He is part of the new life that has been injected into the Drama department there. Already there is a hint in the air of the interesting things to come.

In terms of Canadian theatre he is an interesting figure. Since his initial productions starting two years ago, he has won acclaim and prizes at the past two Dominion Drama Festivals with the Theatre One productions of *We are not yet born* (Artaud) and *Survivors/Survivants* (of Hiroshima).

Q: What is the dichotomy between theatre and drama?

A: Drama is primarily a literary form. Drama is primarily the creation with words of a verbal structure, whereas theatre involves the total human being. And in the theatre, the verbal... medium is only one of many other kinds of expression, such as the use of lights, the use of scenic space, movement, etcetera. And whereas you can create a drama by sitting, one person sitting at typewriter, or with pen and pencil, you can not create theatre by writing. You've got to create theatre by actually working on a stage with a group of actors.

Q: From your participation in the last two years in the Dominion Drama Festival, what would you say about theatre in the rest of Canada?

A: What I was able to see of Canadian theatre in the D.D.F. I do not think is a true representation of, and it can't be, of every single kind of theatrical activity in Canada. It represents a certain cross-section of what is considered by a certain number of adjudicators to be successfully produced plays or pieces of theatre. Now I have not seen any of the young underground theatres in Canada - and that is primarily where my interest lies: the kinds of things that young people are doing all over Canada, and I have not had a chance to see them. But now, the transition from D.D.F. to

Theatre Canada, where we don't have a festival anymore, but already there have been over a thousand invitations sent out to different groups all across Canada, it might well be that in Theatre Canada one will get a chance to see a true representation of all kinds of different types of theatre.

Q: Now, getting to the production coming up at McGill, *Areopagus* (Moyse Hall - Nov. 19th), I understand that it is a collage of *Electra*, *Hamlet* and the Nuremburg trial transcripts. Is this... what exactly is this? Is it an arbitrary collage? Could you explain a little bit about it?

A: Yeah, we're trying to examine the idea of Justice in the *Areopagus*. The *Areopagus* itself is the name given to the first court that was established by Athena to attempt to deal with human crime. Prior to the establishment of the court, much of justice was simply eye for eye, tooth for tooth. You kill my sister, I'm gonna kill your sister. For the first time with the establishment of the *Areopagus*, you have the concept of there is such a thing of what is right and what is wrong. It is not automatically right that you kill my sister because I happen to have killed yours. From there all the way up to the Nuremburg trials, which were the first on an international scale to try a whole nation for war crimes and the first time that the concept of "War crimes" was examined, there seems to be a development of man's quest for justice. And what *Areopagus* is going to try to do is see what fifteen people, who are acting in it, feel about justice, feel about certain symbolic acts of justice, such as Hamlet's desire to avenge his father's death, Orestes' desire to avenge Agamemnon's death. So the common thread is humanity's aspiration to justice; what is our aspiration? how do we see it? what kind of aspiration do we have?

Q: If words are arbitrary symbols for verbal communication, are theatrical structures arbitrary starting places for spiritual convergence or the creation of such?

A: If you use the term spiritual without any of its religious connotations, that is religious, not in the sense of institutional religion, I would tend to say yes because what happens in the theatre is something that happens in the minds and in the imagination of the audience watching it, and as such it is something which affects the audience... the audience's spirit rather than body because in the theatre you don't have people beating people up. In other words you don't go out and beat the audience up, y'know. (In some theatres they do); but what they try to do is communicate with that part of the audience which corresponds to their search as actors. And usually that tends to be a kind of metaphysical search, metaphysical questioning which one could call spiritual.

Q: Would you consider yourself... or you wouldn't consider yourself then, as a high priest of some sort?

A: No, definitely not. I consider myself a very low, low... low... not priest.

Q: Can you see people elevating you to some point of... of... ah... or like... considering you as a god or demi-god, as the director... as that sort of paternal... paternal... I don't know, the director, the all knowing...?

A: Yeah, well there is a certain amount of mystification of the director and y'know, the actors tend to feel more secure if they are able to consider that the director knows what he is doing. But to move from that stage to ah... I think if you use the term "god", it has to be purely metaphorical, like there isn't any kind of shamanism involved... really.

Q: Has theatre been the same throughout the ages, or does it change? Has it been the same since you've become involved with it or become aware of it?

A: Well, obviously theatre changes. Obviously the physical struc-

ture of the theatre has changed greatly since the Greek time to the present. And obviously, even in Montreal, we have as many different types of theatre as we have different groups. But at the same time, from the very first time that one human being stood in front of a group and tried to communicate some inner state of mind, whether it be the results of a hunt as some people claim to have been the origin of theatre, or whether it be the Dionysian festivals where one is trying to communicate a religious experience, right down to the most... facetious and superficial of commercial productions, I still... I think there is a primary need for one group of people, actors, to try and communicate with a larger group of people through the medium of their body, their sound and their voices. But I don't think you can say that Theatre has ever been static. It moves as just as people move. It changes just as people change.

Q: Do you think your conception of what theatre is differs from the main stream of society, or what? If there is a general definition of theatre.

A: Yeah, I think it does.

Q: Is that important?

A: That's not for me to say. I don't really know... I... uh... I think it does differ because I think any... any true artist who is trying to discover his view of the medium is going to have an individual vision, an individual idea of theatre. The importance is up to the other people to decide, up to history, or, y'know... whatever.

Q: What are you looking for in theatre?

A: I'm looking for what lies behind... our everyday masks. I'm looking for... what a human being really is. I'm looking for trying to understand what it means to be human. I'm looking for

what would happen if you got a group of people together and said for the space of an hour, an hour and a half, you're going to be completely outside the everyday fears, everyday insecurities which prevent your expressing what you feel is most meaningful and for an hour you're going to be able to express... whatever you feel like expressing. Except there is a danger there, because it's not really just whatever you feel like expressing as it is taking the chaotic impulses of whatever you feel like expressing and channeling them into an artistic form so that someone watching you express what you're not allowed to express in everyday life would somehow be... somehow learn something a little bit more about himself, become aware of his potentialities, become aware of the fact that he does not have to fear what is inside him, because what is inside him is very often very beautiful and very noble thing, if it can be shown without the insecurities and the fears and the inhibitions that natural social intercourse has built into us.

Q: How committed are you to theatre? Is there a difference between you and theatre or is it something that is wholly yourself or would you like it to be wholly your expression?

A: Wholly or holy? I think it is probably holy... for me. The moments where I consider myself to be truly alive is when I'm working on a play. The moments where I really feel that I'm living is when I'm working on a play, trying to create something.

Q: How old are you?

A: 30.

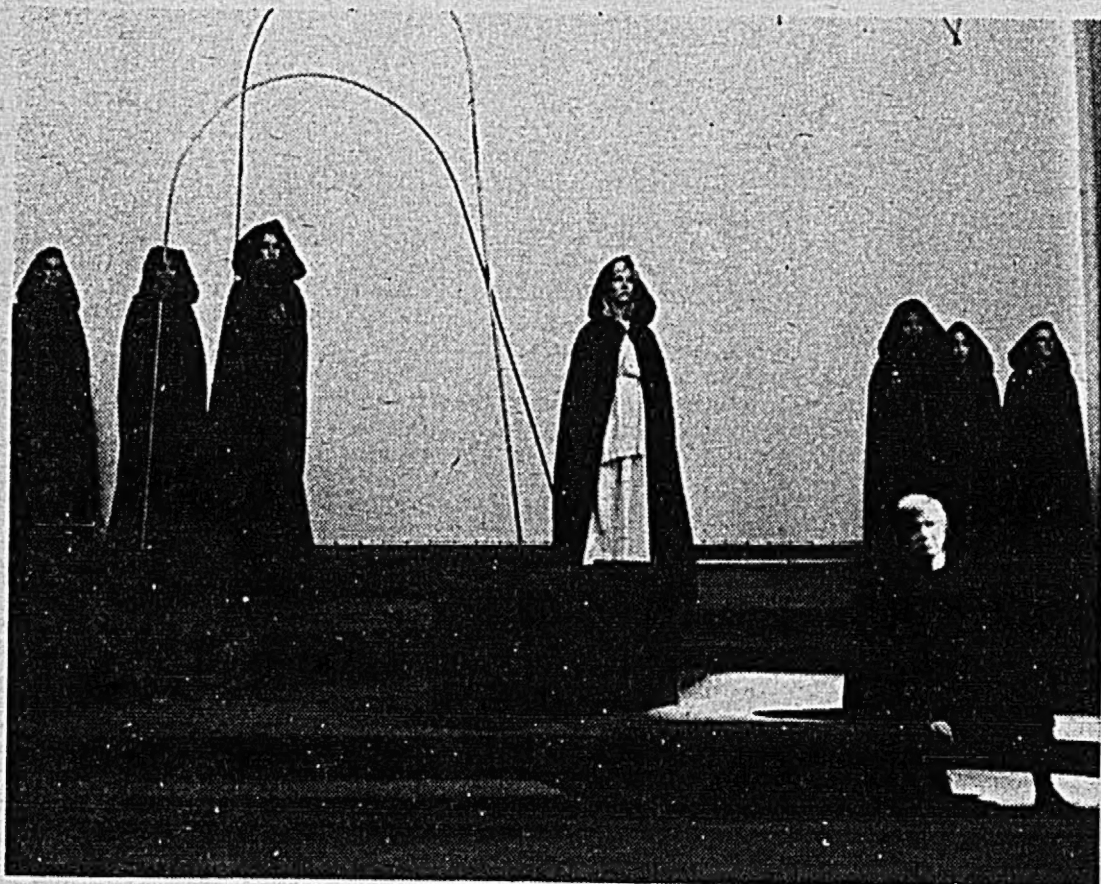
Q: How old do you feel you are spiritually?

A: 2.



RAPP # 2

WITH THE CAST AND ROSEMARY SULLIVAN



Gay Haskins (Athena), John Ripley (Hamlet) and dancers of the English Department production Areopagus

SUPPLEMENT: How did you equate the outside pressure of the structure with your own personal integrity.

ANSWER: The fact that we had a script and we had to do it in two months and we didn't really know anybody before we started working with them. And when we started working we started working toward getting the play together in two months and so on. That's a bit of a hassle, you start that improv and maybe get towards the audience a bit by starting that improv and then you cut them off, by going back to the script again back to Oresteia and finishing the play. But you have to do that partly because of the structure of doing the play here at McGill and also partly because of the general theme. We don't give a conclusion on Justice. We more or less say we don't know and either you waffle or you don't waffle. I don't waffle in the thing, I go on and do it, do something. So that's the conclusion, not to waffle and not to be apathetic, not to sit by while six-million Jews are murdered even if I don't think that fighting back and killing in retribution is the right thing. Any particular point as to justice, there really isn't one in the play apart from maybe that eventually you have to act.

SUPPLEMENT: Then eventually you have to act so do any of

you have any conclusions other than the one you took because of the structure of the play? Violence. Have any of you come to other conclusions of how to proceed now, how to act? Let's say outside of the context of the play.

ANSWER: For me things have become more personalized I know that I didn't feel the outside pressure that the form was putting on me, because basically the Theatron depended on our coming to terms with something in the script, with something to do with the character you were betraying. You're not given the conventional things of the linear development of the characters giving you time to get into character, giving the audience the satisfaction of taking that time to understand that character and understand your motivations. I realize that the only way I could come to terms with the Theatron was by looking into myself and letting things happen and that was the joy of it. That we were allowed to let things happen and that there was always someone there to say what shape he wanted and to integrate it with that we were saying. I think it requires a great deal of sensitivity so that when we get to the end of the play and are confronting the audience as the cast that have gone through the process I feel a very personal feeling of 'just wanting' individuals to

latch on somewhere that we don't know either and that we don't pretend to know more than they do but that maybe they can see that we want to know and want to keep on trying. It doesn't wrap things up in a bag. — something which is being done too much.

SUPPLEMENT: How did you feel in coming to terms with Ophelia? Did you find one way of dealing with things, do you think this is what she was doing in fact, freaking out: is that one way of not waffling of just completely going into..

ANSWER: Yes it is. It's so easy to become hypnotized and not want to face what someone is telling you or what you see. With Ophelia it was something I could find in myself and I naturally had a hard time. It's not always an advantage when you can identify with a certain quality, a feeling. You have to make it so that it communicates so that it doesn't become embarrassing for the audience, so that they can see it as an alternative, something which can affect you. This dazed feeling isn't someone who has gone mad; many of us at times want to say "No, I don't see it. I don't want to see it, and I can't see it".

SUPPLEMENT: Isn't coming to terms with Ophelia as you did and communicating this to the

audience the audience would then realize those places in themselves. The insanity which you call insanity but really isn't is just one way of coming to terms. We, in this society, often get very close to that point of letting go, if you did let go perhaps you would start fitting out entirely.

ANSWER: If we were to open things up and not say there's a mad person and look what's happened to her, but it's a quality of feeling that any one can feel.

SUPPLEMENT: How about Hamlet, coming to terms, that's a rather funny question to ask Hamlet.

ANSWER: I don't think I had to go through some of the problems other people had to face in altering their character to fit the part. I'm very like Hamlet, I'm an introspective sort of person I think a lot and often I don't act because I don't know what to do. You look around at society and what in the world does one do for the best, one sees all sides of it? I was lucky in the sense that I could play a lot more of the play from the text without having to improvise a lot of my own text to go with it. So much of the play spoke for me better than I could have spoken for myself. It needed a few lines as a bridge but that's about all.

SUPPLEMENT: You mean the over-intellectualization?

ANSWER: I am not sure that it's over-intellectualization but it is a tendency to take in when they feel very strongly that things are wrong, but one has to know how to put them right for the best. When one starts to think about things rather than act spontaneously and feel directly one will be in trouble. It's so easy to feel but when one starts to think one realizes how very difficult it is to take the right way out. What in the world is it? This is Hamlet problem too.

SUPPLEMENT: In other words the spontaneous is not necessarily the productive way out.

ANSWER: It depends. A lot of people are solving the problem these days is by taking some kind of action which seems to be better than to remain passive. On the other hand some of us think a lot, feel a lot, we don't know what to do we think so long about things trying to see all sides of it, ultimately we do nothing, younger people get very fed up with our inaction, they don't understand it, and fail to understand it so they say "let's do something on our own even if it's wrong. But you're getting nowhere the way you are." We're all caught up and none of us know what to do although most of us feel something is wrong. The question is what do you do?

You had a comment, I think it came out in my brief interlude with Hamlet, the difference between Hamlet contemplating or intellectualizing about his need for vengeance or Justice and Electra's view, she needs vengeance to fulfill a human need. You get the passion, the basic side of striving to avenge yourself upon an injustice that has been done to you.

And it worked that way on the level of John and Renee also. I definitely do feel that people feel a need for vengeance. Modern society people feel a need for vengeance, to become involved, to act.

Becoming involved at many different levels and many different reasons. In the Theatron, Electra was involved because she felt a need for vengeance and that's her view of Justice. The Just thing was to be avenged for her father's death.

SUPPLEMENT: Are you sure that she knew that it was vengeance she wanted or she was just trying to find a way out like everyone else and the only way of expressing it for her was this way, perhaps she could have found some other way.

ANSWER: Perhaps she could have but she didn't. I also don't think it's the question of action versus intellect I don't think that those are the two sides, that you feel you act or that you intellectualize. I think there's something right in the middle and that is that you feel the weight of history of everything around you, you know that it's part of your civilization that is doing.. you can't put them in a completely separate entity and say that's not me, you see that it is a part of you and you feel that weight. Perhaps it's the question of feeling it and being prepared to carry the burden or intellectualizing your way out of the burden and removing your guilt. Because we're all guilty.

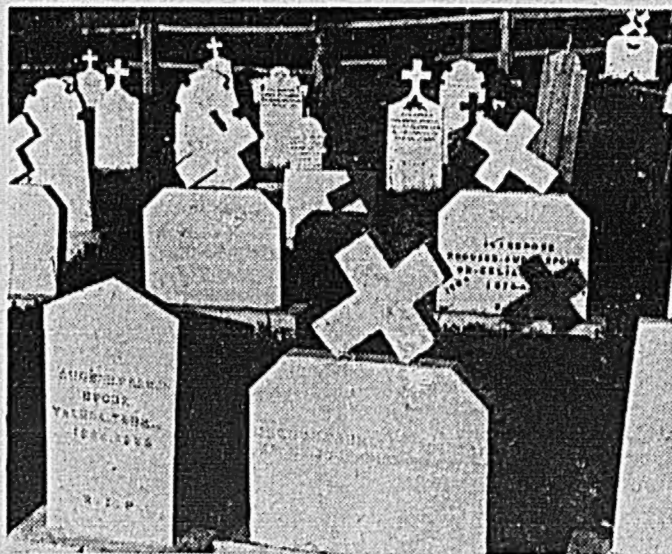
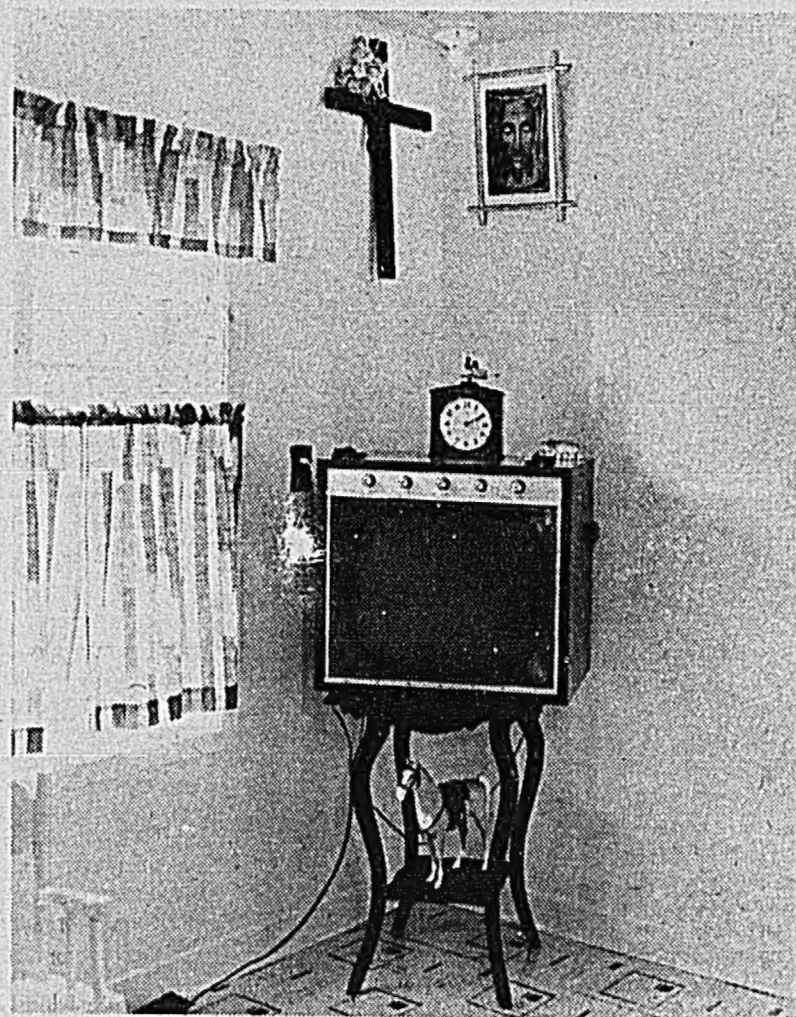
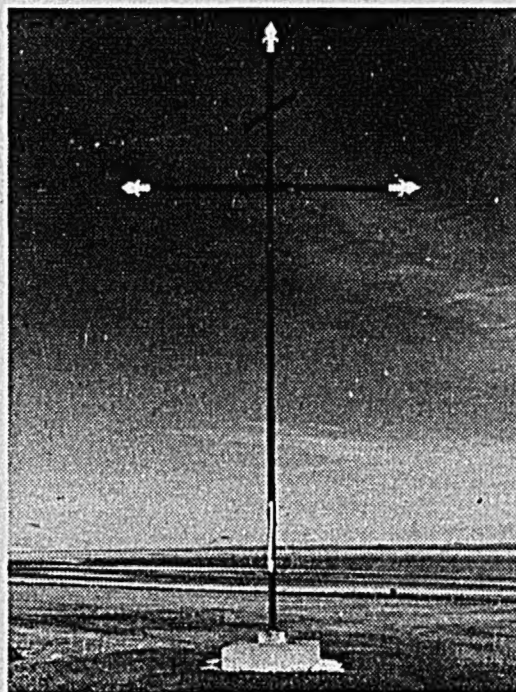


John Ripley as Hamlet

AREOPAGUS
Playing Nov. 27 & 28
at 8:30 in Moyse Hall

THE WORK OF GABOR SZILASI

— who will be exhibiting his photographs December 12 - 31, at Studio 23, 2048 Stanley. The theme of this showing is a documentation of present day life in Charlevoix County, along the north shore of the lower St. Lawrence River.



THE PHOTOGRAPHER AS A COMMITTED WITNESS

byron solomon

The development and history of photography has always been synonymous with the progress of society.

There has been in recent years, a fashionable acceptance of photography as a new tool for the mass communications media. Lacking, to its advantage, an aesthetic entirely of its own, photography, particularly the documentary, has become the visual gathering place for interaction, between the photographer's personal commitment, the arts and the social sciences.

Now, when society is in the throes of constant change; when an African nation can move overnight, with concern and responsibility for its people, from primitive tribalism into the atomic and computer age, there is a continual and growing need for the photo-

grapher, as a committed witness, to present the real problems and record the progress of society.

The vast majority of photographers cannot photograph the revolutions in Asia, or the problems of emerging African nations. They can, however, participate in the affairs of their community, particularly, now when both the urban and the natural landscape are being assaulted by misused technology.

Many of the progressive manifestations of our society are seen in the commonplace things that happen and are seen on our streets. To pose a question: Is the supermarket window an indicator of our physical health; or, is the motor car an indicator of our economic wealth? Because these things are part of our

everyday concern, they must be under constant examination, and in this light, the role of the photographer should be continually reassessed.

To all the photographs that each photographer makes he must bring his individuality and judgement because each subject, even those that have been photographed many times, all demand a new experience. Whether these photographs are made in the rural villages of Quebec, on the shores of the St. Lawrence River, or in an overcrowded urban metropolis they are to be prized because they are the unique result of a rational and emotional human action.



MOTOWN FANTASIA

by john plant

"In case of a fire
Call the man with the hose
If your desire
Is to put out a fire
He's the guy who knows"
- Smokey Robinson -

READS you say?

(the words swing, reeds in
the wind)
water resists writing
piano, typewriter, old wives with
wrinkled cheeks
tempting to Greek meters
"I regret to say I have never
heard of Mr Dylan"
said Mr Auden
sipping the whisky of a justified
style
his scorn lodges in the
upper strings of my piano
which I never use
lipping is how I compose

2

Silence in the inappropriate
form of 2 pianists made an un-
likely appearance in the House
of Aphrodite, a funeral home on
22d st. The drillers, you are the
drillers! Yes yes yes. Flailing
forlorn in the sandy snides of
Snittenville, Scarbish phoned his
fuckretary to arrange a sympho-
ny. Invoice of his orthoproprietary
findings, she screamed and a
cadenza of diamonds slithered
through her hair like a snake.
Sex is all she said, but turned her
withering crack to the wall, piss-
ing spasmodically. Some sympho-
ny. Back in the piano bench of
reality, 6 mice glandularly plotted
their next coup de fromage. Sipp-
ing the bittersweet wine of resent-
ment and catpiss, they flung them-
selves fart and hole into the
squarming symphony, which by
now was scattering mud all over
the city.

3

They conferred and it was so.
So stoned. Their conference sew-
ed into the draperies. The city
descends into itself, as raven
souls spread wings over its
sparse and diamond hair which
dissolves genuinely into touch.
The city asked of itself and
swallowed the answer. A spark
in its bowels bellows into synthe-
sis of birdsong. Its mornings are
moored in night and the boats rust
in its dreams. The spirits dare
not breathe on its waters. The
tears not cried glisten in neon and
luminous whisky. The pace leaves
a delicious trace in the unfound
tracks of air. The smiles inherit
glass.

PROCEDURE: subtract, subtract,
but it keeps flowing in

4

We need a sandbox.
Joint sandboxes! sandbox libre!
which way is the sandwich?
Sandwise, it's counterclockwise
to the bitch of the Intersect Junc-

tion, the Joint of the Wicked West.
Melted by a falling house, the
mouse fled the sinking shit, into
the fecal consciousness of our
joint obsessions. Ah tis a lovely
black place, the cunt of sandwich
the rollicking exude, the merry
smells that feast there!!

5

Words laughter and cigarette
said the President upon being
approached by Bungalow Bill the
super slimy superfluous shitfaced
shortlived Monster. Even the
Beatles could not stop the Cheese-
burger Earthquake and the Musi-
cal Flood and the Dictionary
Debate and the Whispering
Whirlwind and the Hallelujah
Hurricane! Pigs were not unloved
in this happy and superfluous age.
Mother Superiors all protected
the flourishing cocks, as well as
caring unscrupulously for the
equally rampant and rhythmic
roosters. Aunt Sophie told us one
day, with that saccharine smile
I remember with indifference,
that sweet tooth bring sour
stomachs. How I gorged at this
piece of homely wit, how I fester-
ed with the grace of God, how I
mysteriously praised the myste-
rious lays of the Most HIGH!
Weariness never entered that
stupid bastard's mind, the wake-
ful Shithead! The caffeine cad! the
alert Son of a turd! And so, re-
marked my milky Aunt, we were
returned to the beginning... Just
then 6 garbage trucks collided in
the western corner of her car-
bonated brain. Amen.

6

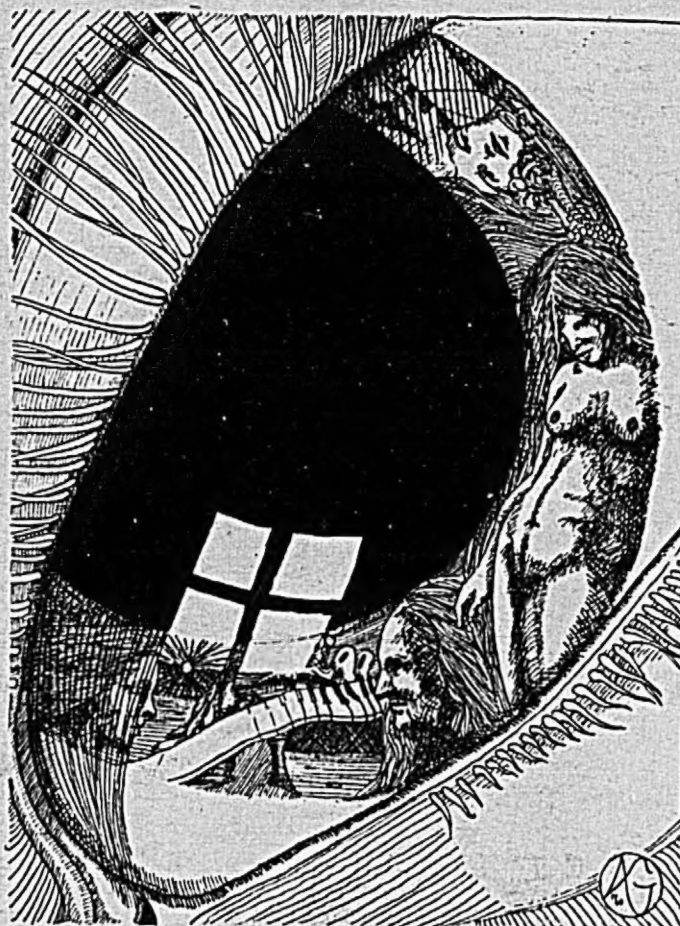
ach TUNG
bull SHIT
at ease

All the lovely fucking notes at
ease in the malarial marsh! And
the symphony flooding the city,
scattering blood on the empty
churches! Pop! the apocalypse!
The star of our show Mr JESUS
CHRIST thanks Frank its great to
be here. Now for our first act:
THE TEMPTATIONS! if David
Ruffin here can get the splinter
off his foot, I think its a church
steeple he's got there, take it
easy man, I think he's got it folks
GETREADY

7

QUESTIONS:

1. Why is Marc Sargasso's
Sonata Bendata in E flat subtitled
"The Milk Shake Sonata?"
2. Document precedents for
Corn Flakes as found in Mozart.
3. Simplify the 10 symphonies
of Gustav Mahler into a 3-note
motif of incredible banality.
4. Detract from Johann



Strauss's importance as a com-
poser.

5. In your opinion, will
Brahms's music ever die?

8

CASTA DIVA, NORMA, BELLI-
NI. L'omelette bien cuite. The air
fills with gently flying eggs re-
leased for purification. The sim-
plicities of memory converge.
The top notes lift away Atlas's
barbells. His trapezius melts into
dogshit; his right arm gives birth
to a pigeon. The Italian language
is swallowed by squirrels. The
sky gets into the act. The machine
disincorporates into song. The sea
memorizes the tracks of its
swimmers. The FM soothes the
vampires in the dentist's chair.
"Chaste goddess lay some silver
on these old trees." Hunger
marries the air. (When space is
annihilated there is neither free-
dom nor captivity). Gravity hangs
by one arm. Time rents a cheap
burrow. Sleep drives by on an-
other street. Nonsense opens the
door.

9

Confusions gathering in the
grass
watch the sun pass
Outside the cheeseburgers lurk
The sky is king, because it is
our only friend

10

"I plead starvation" claimed
the sea-calmed citizen. But his
fears were either diminished or
increased by the spontaneous il-
lusion of God knows what. Siphon
your symphony, suggests the
nymph. Tombalee or Nombalee,
that is Suggestion.

11

Five steel girders flung into the
fluted black sky. Tornadoes de-
scended in animated chorus onto
the dying roads. Red schoolhouse,
brick and ugly, all the potato chip
brats labelling their lollipops, and
little Donald on the swing kicking
fat old ladies....

The vision of beauty is not
much different save in a few
details (timeless subtleties of
light and invisible angels)

12

Five of the best lines, cohabit-
ing in abandoned cigarettes, rais-
ed the graven images which

swerved over the hearth, skinned
the vowels, and relaxed.
"Semper fidelis," the fat one,
cooking.

13

You have failed to synchronize,
complained the Father. Your
arms are hopelessly expressive.
You have never drunk your coffee,
and your taste in cigarettes be-
trays a smug and visionary at-
titude. Christmas! One would
think you had never watched tele-
vision.

"Sacraments, sacraments"
whined the Mother.

14

Fat! Fucked! Ejected! Super-
imposed! Participated! Ventil-
ated Victim! Vorsupial Victress!
Marmoturbine Mama!
(no hard feelings said the
sponge)

We have nothing to pollute our
air with but fear itself

15

Les Illuminations torn to pieces
on a huge marble floor
The death of each word is like
a false
flame on the floor, a false
vision
which disappears beside all the
CIGARETTES

some lie in beer bottles, some
in beds,
some in forests and in the
sea

Thanatopsis that means we all
die
and superimpose our
imagined bodies
on the unimaginative soil The

death
of cities is nothing against
the death of cigarettes and the sea of

16

The excluded musician, twitch-
ing to the rhythms of soldiers'
deaths, scorned and abominated
by his unread public, still heroic
albeit scrimmed out of the
scrumptious, prepared for you
his unsurprisable Master's
thesis, a urethral symphony of
unglimmered delights

his Master's orgy
his Master's death

17

Tortoiseshell Mama
Torn from the spindly winds
of unsired desire your wishes
are my hands
most recent and melodious
majesty your demoded mysti-
fications are snailed
on the cross of Gold (the nails
were chrome and needed cutting)
like all visionaries
her face was turned ever against
the rose and the dawn smoking
Chesterfields
over the swamps of your con-
flicting brilliance the piano's
black hints you took to be
semaphore-drunk rats in search
of a train of thought or decision
and the quarreling
voices to be singing against
false webs

Waitresses and cheeseburgers
Whisky on the sly rye
coming through! the airport
fills with sentences

we were
saying, your breath sucks the
snails' airy stubborn stupor
got that Idaho? You belong to
its circle
whose roundness leaves

SOMETHING TO BE DESIRED
(viz, a cheeseburger) did you
want her so bad? Tired of singing
is tired of being

18

Forgotten so the world, that is
only gotten sting, that whosoever,
conceiveth in trim should not
cherish but have good tasting
tripe For I am the flavor of man-
kind Your pitiful souls were lost
at cost till Christmas come and
all over a century Christmas
is coming All in a name the
dusty flies imported a green
saviour to the scene; the torn
flesh of my conscience gathers
unto itself many liquors, and
fuck the only one that will work!
scruffy, no?

19

singing in the improvisational
rhythm of brotherhood, created
rooms of silent jam and old
rocking. My past and future lives:
present images of both in their
song. A richness of contemporary
illusion which asks me questions.
The riddle of peace. The tenta-
cles of separation dissolve.
Amen. Twisting into truths, a
runner's peace as he passes.

20

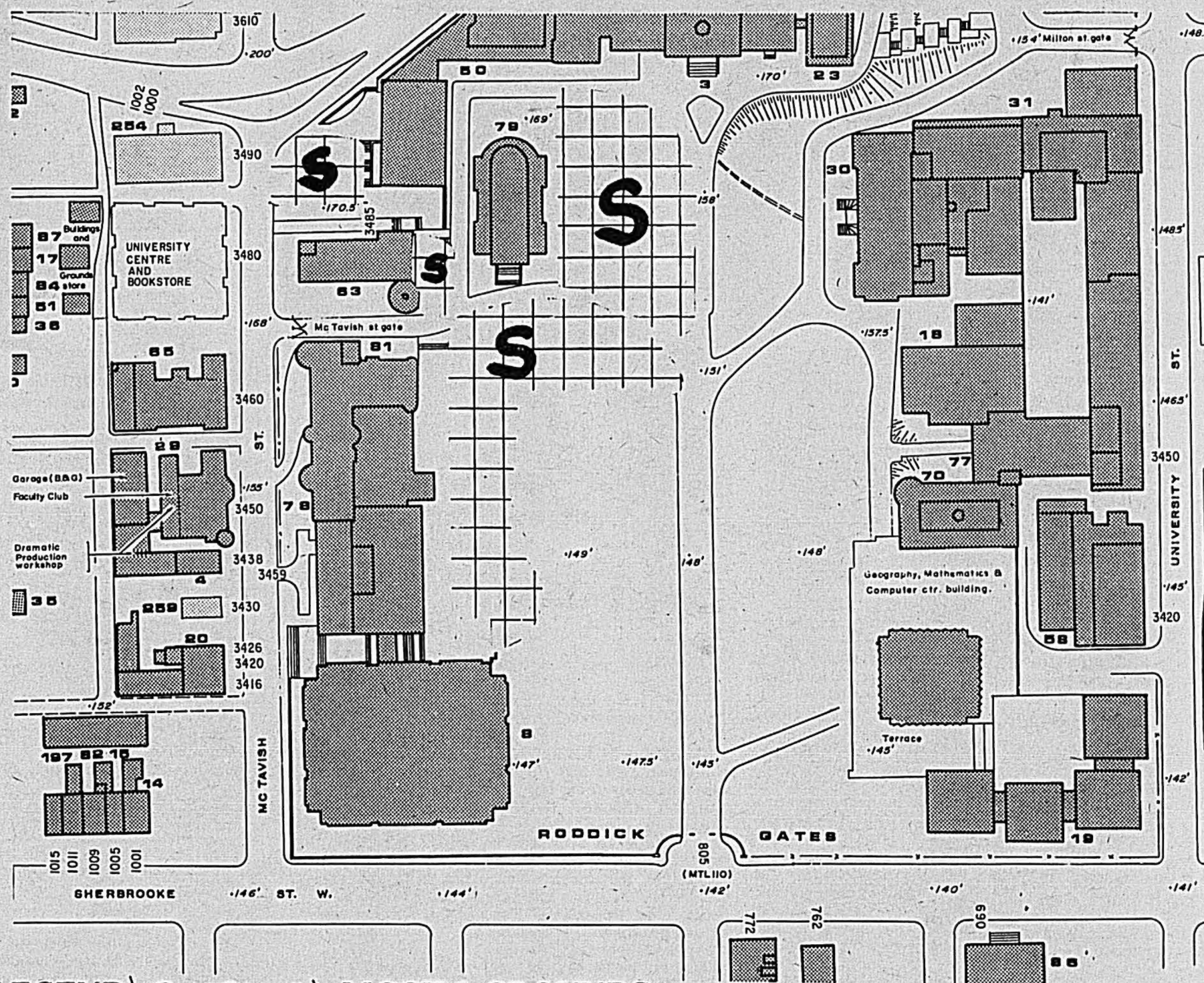
Imagine the cold to be full of
the perfect sorceries of your past

Imagine the interruptions to be
the life-giving rhythm

Imagine the music to be
the storm and field of your
voice
beckoning over barbed wire

Electricity is love





LEGEND \ S=SPACE \ MCGILL GROUNDS

text — John Bandiera

On November 30th there will begin an exhibition of works by four young Quebec artists — Kelly Morgan, Glen Whitehead, Guy Lavoie, and Robert Cadotte. The works will be constructed specifically for sites on campus; certain open spaces near the Leacock building, various areas of lower campus, and the Three Bares hollow.

Although the participants will be working under the same general framework, their individual intentions are quite personal and it is therefore difficult to say anything definitive about the show for fear of misrepresenting one or more of them. This is of course disconcerting in a journalistic sense but it is nonetheless quite natural for art of the type shown to defy any attempt at verbal communication of the ideas contained in the particular works. The sculptors are quite reticent to discuss their plans

for the upcoming show, but this is quite in accord with the things that they will be doing; things which can best be defined by the impossibility of defining them.

There is currently taking place an insurrection of sorts in art, an insurrection which tends to question the roles that art has been playing in society. This is nothing unusual, there is almost always an uprising taking place in art, but this one has provided some very radical departures from traditional modes of expression. Grouped for the sake of conversation under the broad heading of impossible art, the works which are produced cannot be defined, categorized, bought, sold, put in collections or in some cases even built. Also, usually all that remains of their brief passing is a portfolio of photographs.

In recent years and months for example, cliffs have been wrap-

ed in Australia, a lagoon was dyed red, corn fields have been plowed up into patterns, a giant lipstick on tractor treads was erected at Yale. Claes Oldenburg the artist who designed the lipstick monument is also known for his projected toilet bowl float for the Thames River in London. Quite clearly, such works tend towards the absurd in that there is no traditional logical foundation for them. Even the hallowed custom of artistic patronage is made to appear ridiculous by this new wave of artists. Those who invested twenty thousand dollars to finance Christo's cliff wrapping experiment were left with colour photos and hopefully a certain measure of satisfaction after it was all over.

If anything at all can be said about this form of art it is that it tends to be large in scale (often gargantuan) there is oftentimes a nature orientation, the works are constructed of simple,

often organic materials, and tend to be designed for temporary rather than permanent exhibition. These are of course broad generalizations which may never apply, however one concrete deduction can be formulated: this is that the impossible variety of art deals in a realm of possibilities which other more form-restricted styles have difficulty matching. This essence of unlimited, unrestricted possibility is engendered rather symbolically by the name, which the group surrounding Vancouver's Ian Baxter has chosen, "The N.E. Thing Company."

The new sculptures are for the most part monumental in their own way, but their monumentality tends to be of a decidedly anti-monumental variety. For example, they are often immense in size but more importantly they tend to capture concepts by they abstract, sensory, perceptual, sublime or whatever, in a time

that they themselves define and in a setting that is their own expanded universe. What this entails is that there is a withdrawal from the type of pretentious sculpture that is predestined to embody and immortalize some abstract human concept but that in effect merely functions as a lavatory for pigeons.

I will not say that this new art does not have its pretensions, but these are more extrinsic than intrinsic. For example, one piece which Guy Lavoie may erect for the McGill Experiment consists of a flat white square to be supported at a height of three inches above the ground. As Lavoie himself states, "The sculpture will only be completed when the snow rises to a height that is even with the square". This is in itself a conceit, but unlike the other works which may profess to possess deep inner significance the square makes no such contention. The very fact that the snow is as

SEASON AND SPACE

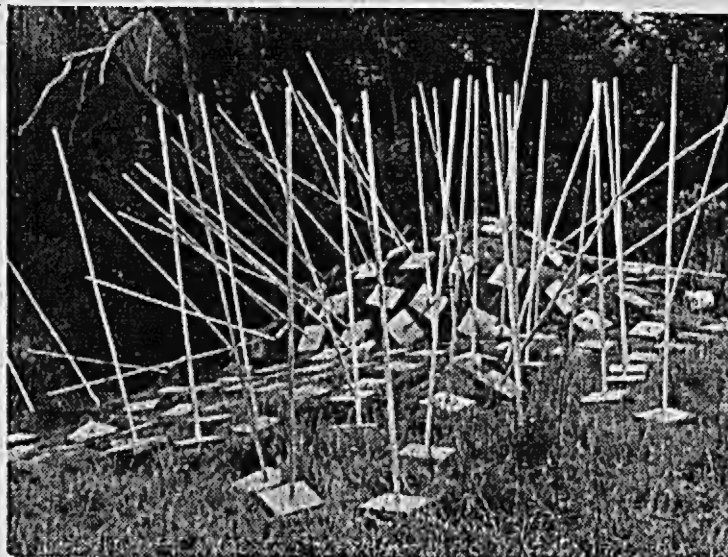
important to the sculptural event as the work itself hints at an interrelation with the natural surroundings that is profoundly personal such that a rather subjective harmony is attained.

The fact that most of the artists who envisage works such as this must search for the perfect site upon which to erect them hints at some essence of contrivance or predestination which again is reminiscent of more traditionally monumental works. This is a valid observation but it must be remembered that the work professes to have no deep internal significance and really no outer one as well, other than its form. Once erected it is left on site to happen as it will happen and lead a life of its own.

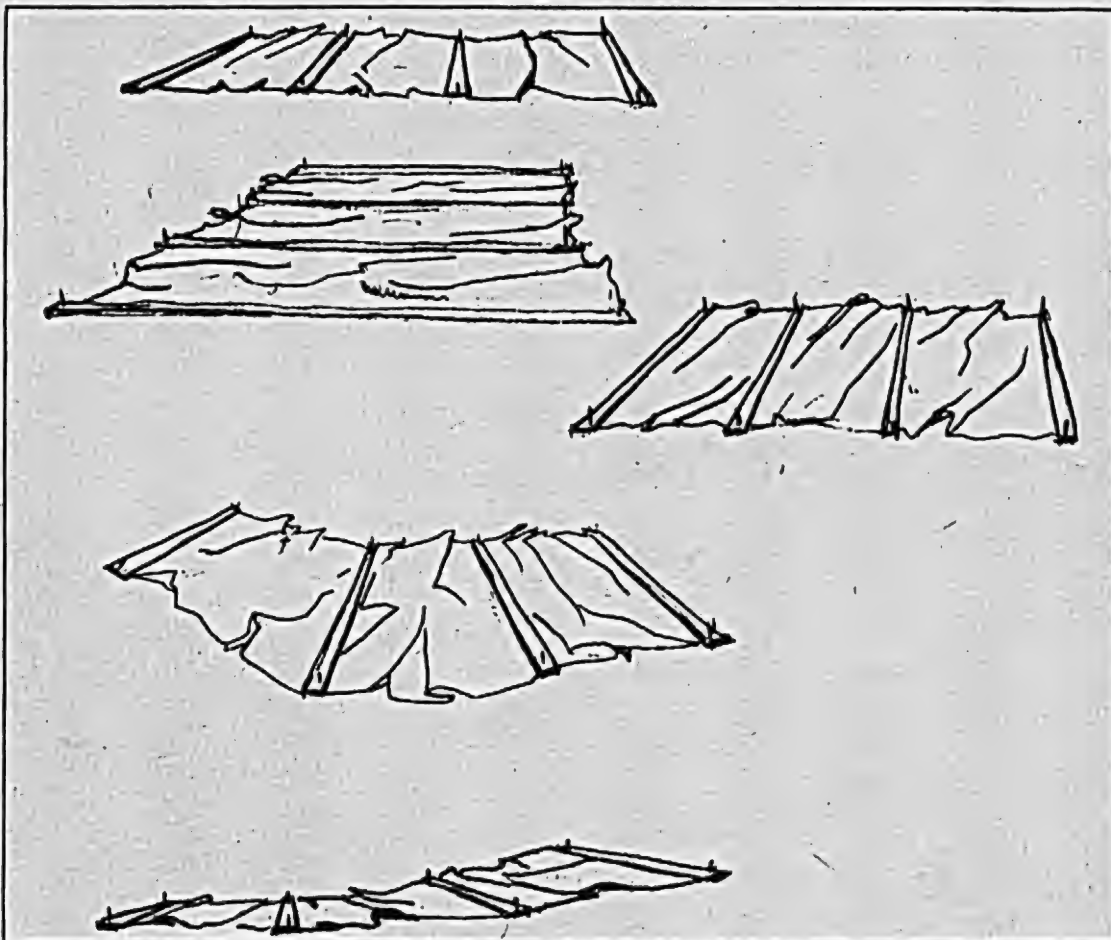
Sculptor Kelly Morgan has his own way of approaching this question of the interaction with the surroundings. He hopes to achieve what he terms a "modulation" with the environment. He also has visions of a rationally arranged landscape laid out to incorporate his ideas of modulation. His works have a great deal of seasonal importance thus, although some autumn or summer pieces might be visually pleasing he has designed new works for a snow setting. Kelly does a great deal of work with covered grids using rope and wood on some such other simple materials. These grids are either laid over the site or suspended and Morgan rather skillfully brings about a sublime interaction between them and the surroundings. The site does not dominate the work nor does the work dominate the site.

None of the works on display will be designed for permanence. Because of this the materials used will be light and uncomplicated. Wood, rope, cloth, and clear polyethylene plastic will be the principal materials used. Guy Lavoie has some ideas for works in mayonnaise and for porridge that is if buildings and grounds isn't overly upset about it. Weather permitting, ice and snow may also be employed.

Once completed, the McGill sculptures (I have repeatedly referred to them as sculptures for lack of any other term, however, they can be whatever you want them to be) will not have that polished, finished look that we are accustomed to seeing in most forms of artistic endeavour. Sculptures which deal with the environments can never be regarded as being totally complete. They are completed from moment to moment when the rain falls on them, when a dog (or pigeon) eliminates on them, when the sun rises and falls and casts varying shadows over them or when a man touches or explores them. Because they are the



morgan — autumn work rope and wood grid



r. cadotte — proposal for wood and wind work

THIS SCULPTURE
PIECE WILL BE
COMPLETED WHEN
IT IS CUT AWAY
FROM THE PAGE.
IT WILL BE A
POTENTIAL SCULPTURE
RIGHT UP
UNTIL IT IS CUT
AWAY FROM THE
PAGE.



morgan — rope piece

GREY

THE FIRST THOUGHT
YOU HAD WHEN
YOU SAW THE WORD
GREY IS YOUR SCULPTURE.
COMPARE
SCULPTURE WITH
YOUR FRIENDS.

works of man and not of nature they illustrate so much more vividly the effects to which the environment has on man himself.

Not all the works are environmental, others are more spatial. McGill is unusual for the vast open area of land which is to be found in a central downtown area. Also the interplay of architectural forms with the semi-naturalistic landscape promises to provide for some interesting experiments with both open and closed spaces.

Although the sculptures will be there whether anybody looks at them or not (a member of the N.E. Thing Company elaborated on this by building a steel cube and then burying it) I still see an added relevance to the exhibition in terms of the student population. The sculptures will appear at various points on the campus. Surely we have all walked past these areas many times - yet how many of these exact times can we recall if any. Is it that life is such a blur that we are simply not aware of the ways in which the environment is affecting us? What if a large white grid of ropes and bags were to appear in the Tree Bares hollow? Naturally this slightly disruptive perception would force us into the position of handling it according to our lifestyles. Those of us who were geared to production might give it a secondary glance and proceed on their way without breaking stride. There is nothing wrong with this for the sculpture makes no judgments nor does it teach any lessons.

Whether you realize it or not, for several weeks you will be living with the sculpture and the sculpture with you - certain harmony will undoubtedly arise although I venture no guess as to what form it may take. Doubtless the type of interaction will vary from individual to individual making for a potentially rewarding personal experience.

We would of course like to see as many people as possible explore the works and speak to the artists, but if you are not so inclined that's fine. The works will become a part of your life whether you make a conscious attempt to engage in the happening or you do not.



A SCULPTURAL EXPERIMENT COMMENCES NOV.30 MCGILL

COMING EVENTS

BACK DOOR

Tonight and tomorrow: BRUCE COCKBURN

CINEMATHEQUE CANADIENNE
3832 St. Denis. Tonight at 7:30 — **SHALL WE DANCE** by Mark Sandrich. U.S.A. 1937 with FRED ASTAIRE and GINGER ROGERS. 109 min. 9:30 — **TOL'ABLE DAVID** by Henry King. U.S.A. 1921. Silent. 127 min. With Richard Barthelmess, Ernest Torrence.

MCGILL FILM SOCIETY L132

Tonight at 6:30 & 9:00 — **MIDNIGHT COWBOY**. U.S.A. 1969. John Schlesinger. John Voight and Dustin Hoffman and New York City all star in this nature epic dealing with studs and ass.

PLAYERS' CLUB

Union Theatre. Starting Monday, Nov. 30, Sandwich Theatre holds forth with "Bedtime Story" by Sean O'Casey. Directed by Will Weiss, with, among others, Philip Coulter, Charles Choates and Gern Potoker, it's an Irish Comedy, bejabbers!

MOTHER EARTH

418 St. Sulpice. Tonight and tomorrow: BRUCE MURDOCH.

REVUE THEATRE

1858 de Maisonneuve. Until Dec. 20: **THE FANTASTICKS**. With: David Baxt, Steve Bienstock, Raymond Carpenter, Eddy Fellows, Arlene Fields, Lou Levitt, Judy London and Arleigh Peterson.

SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS

UNIVERSITY POETRY READING
Hall Bldg. H-651. Thursday, Dec. 3: TED BERRIGAN.

RADIO MCGILL STREETNOISE,

CFQR — FM 92.5 12:30 Friday night until 6:00 Saturday morning.

This week Stan Brakhage talks about his most recent film and the underground film industry in general. An analysis of the foreign ownership problems in

Canadian industry; and the science of staff training in modern business. The poem of Roger Mitchell and Cliff Rose.

KAPPA ALPHA SOCIETY

Nov. 27 at 8:30 — We are bringing together several poets from the Montreal area, who will present some of their material. People from the McGill community are invited to participate. We urge you to take advantage of this opportunity to meet others with relatively "undiscovered" talent.

MCGILL FACULTY OF MUSIC RECITAL

Redpath Hall. Dec. 6 at 8:30 — IRENUS ZUK, pianist.

JEUNESSES MUSICALES

Redpath Hall Nov. 29 at 8:30 — Canadian folksinger Jacques Labrecque.



EXPORT "A"
Canada's Finest
FILTER
Cigarette
REGULAR AND KINGS

LOOK TO SIMPSON'S FOR THE GREAT EMBELLISHMENT

Play gypsy, play. Embellished in sumptuous satins, crepes, brocades, in embroidery, patchwork and calico quiltings. A. Quilted calico print surah, \$17. B. Scarf print satin jersey, \$40. C. Embroidered jersey knit, \$21. D. Patchwork surah, \$25.
Dept. 741, Fourth Floor.



The Circus was Popular in Rome too!

But we made a few changes anyways

*We are now open from 7 a.m. to 2 a.m. during weekdays (3 a.m. on weekends)

*You can now have high quality food, served courteously at your table.

*The atmosphere has been changed to allow for a more friendly and contemporary image (i.e. we no longer feed you to the lions).



1177 St. Catherine St. W.
(bet. Stanley and Drummond)

THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL OFFER

FOR ONLY **\$1.00**

WHISTLE BURGER: A juicy pure beef patty on a toasted bun with Kraft melted cheese and bacon, pickles, onions and dressing included. It's delicious: prepared à la Circus.

- french fries
- coffee
- ice cream

Reg. \$1.46

AVAILABLE TO MCGILL STUDENTS
ONLY WITH THIS COUPON UNTIL NOV. 29

get
right in
the swing of



with
Laurentide
Ale!

things!

One of the great ales from Molson, brewed in Quebec.

THE LOOKING GLASS

ted chertal

(black streets of dawn):
 crouched in agony,
 the wounded tiger
 glowers in glaciers of yellow fog.
 and i, with failing eyes,
 with body
 transparent and stainless like the tiger,
 am surrounded by the last drop of hero's blood
 gone berserk in definitions of the dark.



THE EXQUISITE BALANCE

penny leavitt

It stands there;
 Humble, on the verge
 Of falling;
 The kiss of sadness
 The conquerer of man's
 Prestige
 Teetering on the
 Edge.
 The fear-held particle.
 Yet no words come to
 Cease its existence.
 Freed from bondage
 It wreaks a path
 Down the curved hillsides
 Of remorse.
 The maudlin tear.

by david weiss

Seeing you in young filled beauty
 Makes the eye aware of the new day
 of life and laughter and creativity,
 of serious down-packed reality.

Jokes are but for the wise, lonely,
 and wretched. There fun enough
 to anybody with the willful will,
 and to the onlooker, as well.

Never have I seen such profound
 vanity and unrealistic attitudes of youth.
 Today, in the essence of the world
 where things change, change seems to lie still.

APPLAUSE

penny leavitt

The squeal of brakes
 And a soft thud.
 Were the witnesses of an
 Accident.
 But soon many people
 Gathered round to see
 The red cement.
 The cat lay on its side.
 Not realizing his
 Blood as it dripped,
 Nor felt the searching
 Hands
 As under its body
 They slipped.
 A broken jaw
 They hemmed and hawed
 (Some wanted to see the blood)
 Some yelped
 Let's get help;
 (The dirt became red mud)

The animal was placed carefully
 In a box,
 And helpless tears washed
 It's fur,
 And the police came to
 Take only it's name.
 Cur?
 Yes Sir.

The owners came to see the
 Cat

And said;
 "It can't be saved."
 Not understanding their
 Lack of love
 A broken jaw betrayed.
 And the crowd left
 The animal bereft
 Of any hope of life
 To my left
 I saw the master
 Un-sheath a whetted knife.
 I left it's side in a
 Helpless fit;
 It was property
 So it's throat was slit.

TELEPHONE

m. newman

Weather: low today but high tomorrow.
 How are you? Cloudy with intermittent
 sunny periods.

Run to public phones when they ring.
 Ask the operator if she wants to hear
 a joke. She doesn't

Phone rings: no one is home -
 a touch of Parkinson's.

I'm an old man
 and winter is coming.
 I sit, looking out the window;
 summer's last fly buzzes tiredly inside.

You know, I can hear the birds
 scratching on the wire.

TO A FRIEND WHO
PRACTICED A MARTIAL ACT

toshinari oiwa

Please, stop telling me how good
 Street fighter you are.
 My friend, I have a morbid
 Fear that fighters do love
 Each other even though
 They curse.
 I've seen such a bloody
 Disguised passion enough
 And am sick of it.
 They all put up much shows
 And made the audience exasperated.
 There is enough
 Drama in loving; no more
 Acting is necessary.
 If you still wish to fight
 For your own drama's sake,
 Be sure to witness your hatred
 And your partner's rancor
 As lovers might feel their loving.
 Be sure that you are staging
 For the manly finale.
 Otherwise my friend, your part
 Belongs to the playhouse in the woods.

POETS DEATH

jack friedman

so you die
 old intimate poet,
 with pride and
 childless soul,
 with the trembling
 of naked trees
 and farewell of winds -
 but old thief
 what is it that you have stolen
 to harbour in your darkness?
 whose love still hovers
 by the shroud?
 your face never known
 what is missed?
 which line, what cunning wrinkle
 makes me whisper praises
 and despise your body?
 yes, the one you described
 as so very very frail.

RAIN...RAIN...RAIN

toshinari oiwa

This fog-like November rain that is calmer than the misty
 rain of the April
 When I seemed to have found a love who was desirably
 unattainable, is still
 As sad as the sparrows in the simple rain that I saw from
 the window-still
 In my childhood.

SEASONED BEEF

by paul bochner



self-portrait — eric freifeld

It seems that today's art world has finally decided to cater to the poor cliché-ridden fellow who (may God forgive us for the sin we are about to commit) 'doesn't know about art, but knows what he likes'. Claes Oldenburg knew what the average man likes — a thick, succulent hamburger; he created something a cut above even the most famous A&W burgers, an Oldenburger (which now droops in our museums). Not to be outdone by this upstart restaurateur, two Canadians went a step further. Dissatisfied with cooked beef, they exhibited a live cow in the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts last spring.

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pounding the original problem. The misunderstanding between the serious artist and the public deepens into bitterness. The public misapprehends the artist as an omniscient who considers himself superior to them; at the same time the artist becomes frustrated by lack of recognition. Refusing to prostitute his art, he scrapes an income by living off its by-products; teaching in art colleges, etc. In the process he leaves less time for his personal artistic endeavours, and thus his creative spirit is further frustrated.

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reviewed by emy geggie

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From a Seaside Town
by Norman Levine
Macmillan Company,
Canada, 1970



BLOOD

by mary swaine

I'VE TASTED MY BLOOD,
Milton Acorn

The essence of Milton Acorn's poetry is its remarkable strength or power. This "muscularity" is manifested through an extreme directness and defiance of tone, which in turn create an unusual sense of morality or naiveté.

Acorn's defiance, however, can occasionally become frantic. His newest work exhibits one main stylistic variation from the aforementioned "hard, muscular" poems: the poet employs a more reflective, philosophical style.

At best, the poems contain a feeling for humanity. However,

they are generally less effective than his muscular poetry because they tend to lack the depth of perception essential to reflective poems, nor do they contain the strength of his other poetry.

I'VE TASTED MY BLOOD also contains two short stories, both fantasies, which although often comical, possess the same naiveté and sense of morality inherent in the poetry.

In other words, his work is not strong in a reflective, philosophical sense. Its excellence lies rather in its unusual degree of "raw" strength.



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— the Supplement is always seeking creative writing, graphics, and ideas — mail literature or come to see us. We are located in the basement of the Student Union, 3480 McTavish, room B41, tel. 392-8921. The Supplement is published every other Friday by the McGill Daily.

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COVER — pen and ink drawing by ALAIN BEAU-PRE.

Shivayanama — Tantrik agnostic persuaded of alchemico — Taoist saintly vocation seeks shakti for mahasukha.

— the Supplement is always seeking creative writing, graphics, and ideas — mail literature or come to see us. We are located in the basement of the Student Union, 3480 McTavish, room B41, tel. 392-8921. The Supplement is published every other Friday by the McGill Daily.

Organ Recital by
WILLIAM ALBRIGHT

Thursday, December 3rd, 8.30 p.m.

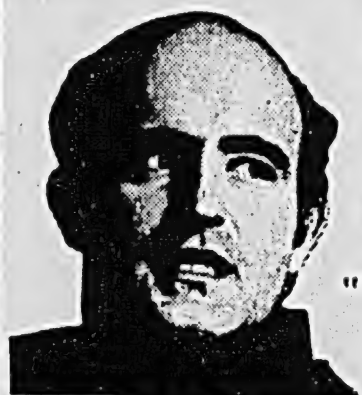
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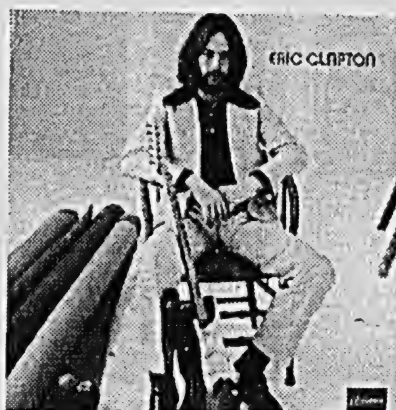
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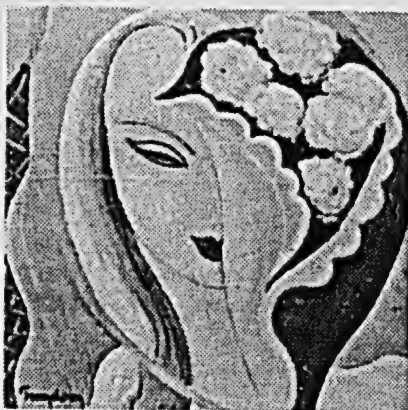
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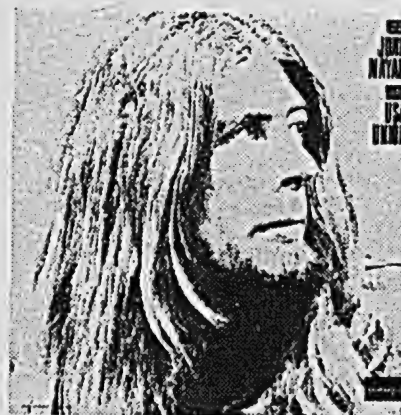
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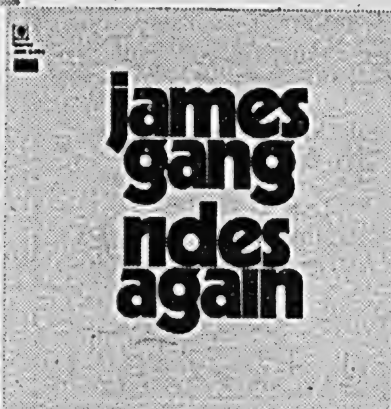


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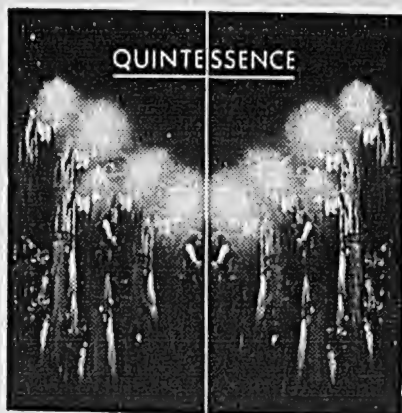
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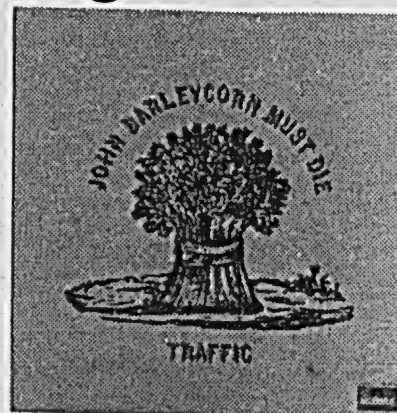
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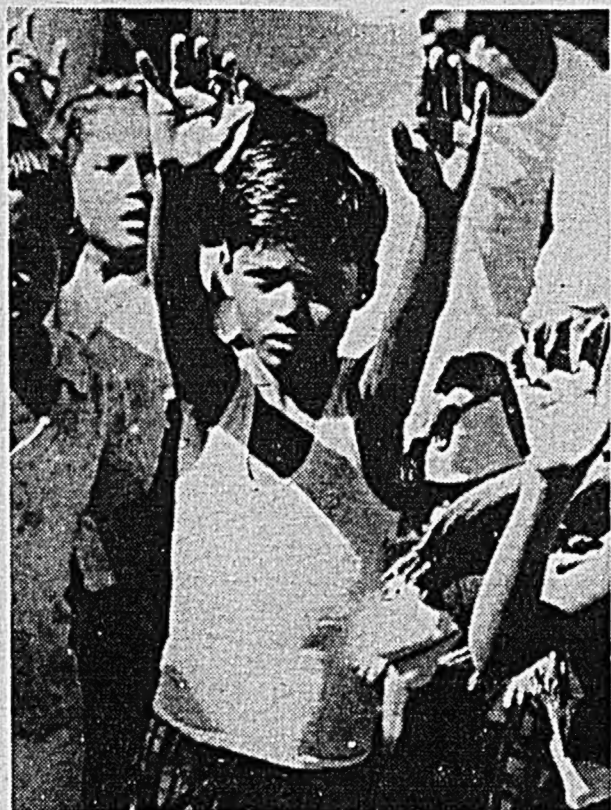


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VIBRATIONS



The crisis in East Pakistan

by nesar ahmad

The storm that struck the vulnerable coastal regions of East Pakistan has stunned the world. A large part of the area's four million population was swept away by savage waves, whipped up by winds of 150 miles per hour. What is most shocking is the fact that the populace of the densely inhabited region was taken completely unawares. The hurricane, that was predicted a full week before, brought nightmares to a sleeping population.

The absence of proper warning raises serious questions regarding the conduct of the governmental authorities. This is especially significant in view of the findings 5 years ago of a Swedish diplomat, Gerhard Svedlund. Svedlund's report was based upon a careful study of the death toll and the survivors' accounts of cyclones of the last 20 years. This report is summarized by the Sunday Times as follows: "The factor that caused widespread destruction of life was the element of surprise. Overtaken by the surge, the people had no time to make for the local refuge. With an adequate warning system, Svedlund concluded, even those on hopelessly low-lying land might have a chance.

Questions raised

The elaborate warning system, however, set up on the basis of Svedlund's recommendations, collapsed without trace on the night of November 12. It was, in fact, never even activated. The government has not explained this criminal inaction.

The negligence that brought disaster makes one wonder about the motivations of those in control of affairs in Pakistan. It raises issues that transcend the overwhelming events of the last two weeks. It calls for the kind of socio-political analysis that would explain why millions of East Pakistani peasants are abandoned to the mercy (or the wrath) of nature.

West exploits East

The peasants of East Pakistan, who had waged a long and militant struggle against the British rulers and the Hindu landlords, have continued to live in subjugation. After the creation of Pakistan — their aspirations for freedom having been checked by the rising Muslim bourgeoisie, who exploited the sentimental notion of an atavistic Muslim nationalism.

While living in a state of growing impoverishment, they produce sufficient resources to enable East Pakistan to have a favorable balance of foreign trade — its exports exceed its imports. The central government control, however, over foreign exchange makes it possible for most West Pakistani importers to obtain, at artificially low exchange rates a large share of the foreign currency earned

in the East. This is important because the supply of foreign exchange has been a limiting factor in Pakistan's development. In effect, the East has subsidized the development of the West. While toiling poverty-stricken farmers of the East have enriched the purses of the industrialists, their own economic situation has continued to worsen. Rhaman Subhan, a Pakistani economist makes the following observation:

"Within the framework of a stagnant agriculture, evidence points to growing impoverishment of the small farmers and land labourers and an increase in landlessness, which according to census reports increased by 66% between 1951 and 1961. Farm budget studies in 1963-64 showed that 50% of farmers controlled only 26% of farm income whilst 10% controlled as much as 27%. A survey in 1963/64 pointed out that 62.2% of farmers had less than 2 acres of land which marked a deterioration within the short time which has lapsed since the 1960 census when 51% owned less than 2.5 acres."

The East Pakistani peasants are not exploited by big landlords. The Hindu landlords have left the country. They have been replaced by a rich farmer class, whose economic power is seriously limited.

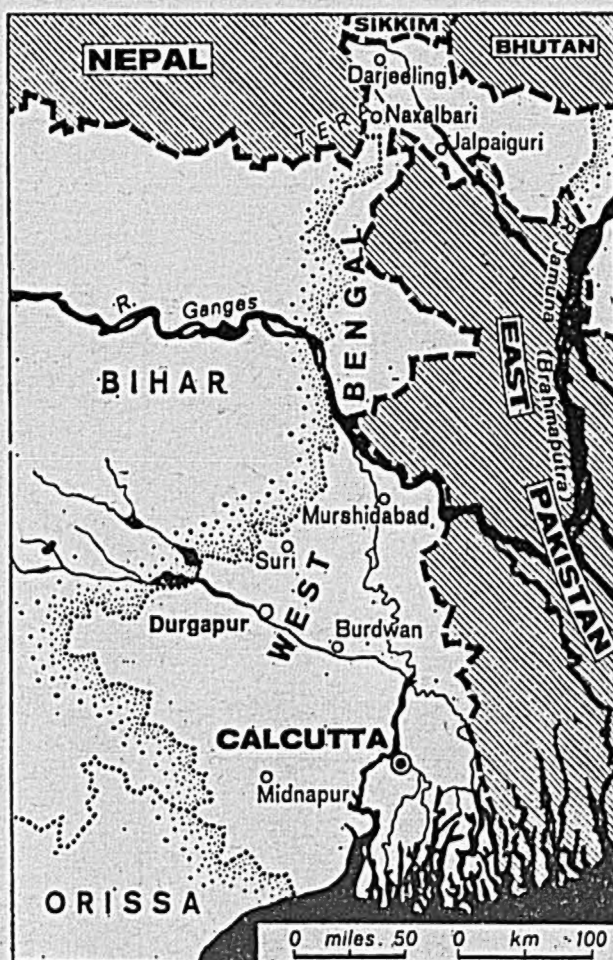
No bourgeois revolution yet

Nor has the East Pakistani bourgeoisie been strong enough to fill the power vacuum after the departure of the Hindu landlords and businessmen. The paucity of entrepreneurial skills and financial resources in East Pakistan has caused a widening economic disparity between the East and the West. For East Pakistan, the bourgeois revolution — in which the middle class seizes power following the independence of a country — has never been realised. The central bureaucracy and the military — both West Pakistani rule the country. It is these two elements, which have filled the void after the collapse of the sociopolitical power structure existing in East Pakistan before the partition of the sub-continent.

The incipient East Pakistani middle class — essentially petty bourgeoisie in its background and thinking — lacks confidence and aggressiveness. They back East Pakistani nationalism to the hilt, hoping to pick up a few loaves and fish which are thrown in the direction of East Pakistan by the central government (controlled by West Pakistan) with a view to forestall more fundamental demands from the people.

Fundamental demands

And the most fundamental demands are those of the suffering peasantry. Completely left to their fates, these poor farmers surely carry the seeds of defiance and revolution. These are the people who form the overwhelming majority of the population. Since they live in a state of total deprivation, only drastic social change can fulfill their demands for a secure and decent living. The outcome of the elections, scheduled for the next month, will have little bearing on the rural population. At most, the elections will effect a compromise between the highly aspiring East Pakistani bourgeoisie and the West Pakistani industrialists and bureaucrats. The peasants will continue to remain abandoned, poor, and periodic victims of the ravages of nature. Their condition can only be changed by themselves. During the 1968 urban uprising against the former regime of Ayub Khan, the flames of rebellion had already spread to the densely populated rural areas. The cyclone that brought unparalleled disaster will have far-reaching consequences. It will further testify to the already known truth that the interests of the peasants do not coincide with the interests of the rulers in Pakistan. The total frustrations of the people will surely lead to a total rebellion.



by Khalid Hasan

Hope for student Co-op

There is still hope for the projected student Co-op.

A recommendation by the Senate Sub-committee on residence policy was released yesterday. The proposal was two-fold.

First, the committee put

forth the idea that the University administration should ask the Quebec government to see if it is still willing to give \$2,000,000 to help build the Co-op. Administrative Vice-Principal Robert Shaw feels that there might be hesitation

on the part of the government to give the loan because of the troubles that the University is having with its present residences.

Students' Council Internal Vice president Kevin O'Connell, however, feels otherwise. He reasons that the Co-op would be attractive to more than just McGill students since it will offer a different mode of life at ghetto prices.

"If students are dissatisfied with present residences, they will continue to leave even if a Co-op is not built," argued O'Connell.

The second proposal by the Senate Sub-Committee was that if the Quebec government indicates that it will not give the \$2,000,000, the university should ask the government to hold its decision for one more year.

Both recommendations are in favour of allowing the Students' Society to build the Co-op and the only opposition remaining is the administration. "They are afraid that the Co-op will be so successful that the residences will be vacated by masses of people," stated O'Connell.

A Board of Governors Committee has been set up to look into the feasibility of the Co-op. It consists of Svenn Orvig, Professor of Meteorology and George Currie, a member of the Board of Governors. They are scheduled to meet with O'Connell, Students' Council Chairman Hutton Archer.

The meeting is extremely crucial. If the Orvig-Currie committee decides in favour of the Co-op, it could be built this year. To show Students' Council solidarity on the issue, O'Connell has decided to present a motion putting full support behind the construction of the Co-op. It will further stress how the residence problem must be "treated separately from, and in no way jeopardize the decision on the Co-op."



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Indians inked

by Allan and Betsy

Thursday, November 26.... Last night, the McGill Junior Varsity Hockey Team was destroyed by a powerful University of Montreal squad 10-1. The Indians looked like pathetic schoolboys playing hopelessly out of their class as the junior Carabins skated circles around them, passed through them, and generally made fools of Coach Doty's charges. They showed a general lack of fire and any real muscle in a game where this should have been their most important role.

Instead, the Indians let the action take place around them and herein lay their major fault. Whenever the action was in the Indians side of the rink, the McGill defencemen never seemed to know their proper positions. The U of M squad thrust shot after shot at two helpless McGill goalies, Bob Laurier, for the first two periods, and Tim Marts, for the last one. When the action was in the U of M zone, McGill could only muster punchless attacks at a fine Carabin goaltender.

After taking the early lead, The U of M players began to display a certain cockiness. McGill took advantage of this as Allan Rottenberg scored during a scramble around the U of M net. McGill was breathing again. Coach Doty took the goal in stride but his team was frantic.

They were now within 10 goals of gaining the lead with still a minute and a half to play. The fans, all eleven of them, were going wild. At the same time, they were beginning to thaw out as Coach Gilmour had finally had the heat put on in readiness for his Redmen's game. But the rally was brief and McGill was damned to nothing short of non-prolificity.

The only muscle shown by McGill in the entire game seemed to be provided by Bob O'Reilly who checked the Carabins with commendable regularity but with only varying degrees of success.

The final statistics told the tale... for U of M 10 goals on 50 shots, for McGill 1 goal on 37 shots, few of which were of any difficulty to the Carabin netminder.

The Indians are now 0-2. They lost their first game by the close score of 3-2 in an exciting game at C.M.R. Tonight the Indians will be hosted by Loyola. The Loyola team defeated this same U of M squad 8-1 and the Indians are sure to have their work cut out for them..... good luck Indians..

Tiddlywopped

by Steve Ettinger

In a shocking upset at Cornell University last weekend, the McGill tiddlywinks team beat out the University of Waterloo for the cellar of the Eastern Region North American Tiddlywinks Association (NATWA) semi-finals. Said the Waterloo Captain, "I was sure we were going to lose this one, but those McGill guys are really bad."

Representing McGill were Norbert Hornstein, team King, Sender Herschorn, Court Jester, Steve Ettinger, Court Alchemist, Tom Berge, and Chris Howard, titles as yet unbequeathed, each of who blamed the triumphant non-victory on A.S.U.S. council's unwillingness to supply funding to the team. As a result of this, the team received their official equipment only two days before the tournament, until which time the members had been using the amateur Woolworth's variety of

winks.

A.S.U.S. rejected the tiddlywinks constitution on the basis that it is anti-women's lib because there is no provision for a Queen in the hierarchy, (although Norbert is kind of cute), that it is not leftist-oriented (any suggestions as to a Maoist approach to tiddlywinks will be appreciated when the constitution is rewritten), and that a quorum of only two is required to make a meeting official... After all, it only takes two to tiddly.

Nevertheless, the club, open to all, will continue to practice every Tuesday and Thursday in the Union basement until February when we plan to wipe out the obnoxious bourgeoisie from Toronto who rented hotel rooms (they got funding) while we stayed in the attic of a frat house and froze our asses off. Incidentally... they won.

Redman Hockey...

(Continued from page 8)

riod he made a beautiful glove save on a backhand shot that was labelled for the corner.

That was it as far as the scoring was concerned. The third period belonged to the Redmen, but this time it was St. Jean's turn to shine. The Redmen were swarming all around the net, dominating the play the entire period, but the Carabins' goalie came up with game-saving plays time and again. At one point he thwarted Burgess, Barrow, Crossley and Manson in rapid succession.

Oh yes, the third period also saw the first fight of the year.

Dave Roxburgh took on Demers. While there weren't too many punches thrown, Roxy came out a winner.

The U of M squad is good, possibly the best in the league — along with McGill. So far they have beaten Laval and Queen's.

Tonight at 8pm the Redmen face the Queens Golden Gaels at the Winter stadium. The first one hundred fans who enter the rink will be given a free cup of coffee. It's a big game and the team deserves your support.

SLAPSHOTS: Dave Mutch continues to play great hockey... In their only meeting so far this year, Queens beat McGill 7-6 on the strength of five first period goals...

J.V.s impressive in win

by Laurie and Issie

The McGill Junior Varsity Basketball Team was on the ball last Wednesday as they kicked off their season with an impressive 84-50 victory over Bishop's University. On the ball is an exact account of the strong game they played using full-court press that floundered the opposition and forced innumerable turnovers. This brand of play produced a wide-open, fast-moving ball game, resulting in the high score.

First year man, Cliff Bochner, with 22 points, was the offensive

leader, an honour he well deserved with his all-round play and ceaseless hustle. Other standouts were speedy Abe Bena-

roya, the quarterback of the squad, and rebounding ace Sol Markman, both of whom contributed 14 points. Glen Marshall, Ted Laan, and veteran Kevin Walsh also figured in the win.

Both teams started out cautiously, with little scoring in the first quarter of the game. The tempo then picked up with the J.V.'s earning a 33-21 half-time edge.

In the second half, Bishop's was completely humbled, as the crisp passing and steady ball-control of the Indians proved far too superior. Time and time

again the pressure play of the tribe created its own opportunities, which were consistently turned into baskets. McGill

never looked back, as they out-scored their opposition by 22 points in the second half.

Coach Sam Wimsner, needless to say, was pleased with his charges. "The team looked pretty good for their first real game," beamed Sam. He pointed out how the pressure game strategy unnerves the opposing team, forcing costly mistakes. Sam cited Wed's 34 point win as "a resounding victory".

The next test is an exhibition game tonite against Queen's. These scribes will be there with our beady little eyes and sharp pencils, will you?

PING-PONG TOURNAMENT

On Monday, Nov. 30, there will be a ping-pong (otherwise known as table tennis) tournament at McGill. The games will be organized on a play-as-you-arrive basis in the Currie Gym, starting at 1 pm. All are welcome.

BASKETBALL WORK-OUTS

University Settlement Junior Basketball team needs players 21' and under as of Jan. 1st, 1971. Practices every Tuesday and Friday at 8:00 pm at the University Settlement Gym, 3553 St. Urbain.



Enjoy yourself...
Take five
for 50 ale
Move with the
50 crowd



TECHNICAL FOULS: Word from Vatican City has it that the Pope was pretty irate about Bishop's castration.... However Cecil Sweet was as pleased as punch, he felt that this evened out the odds... The post-game bash was highlighted by Kevin Walsh performing his famous kill tactics on Sol Markman who was heard to say "oooooh, that huuuurt"..... Bolt Upright was covering Christine "Jo-Jo", Jorgensen during the entire game.

WMA...

(Continued from page 1)

find a solution to Quebec's economic problems of rising unemployment and the arrival of out-of-work students on the labour market, a petite bourgeoisie constantly menaced with proletarianization, and the exhaustion of the productive force.

Jacques Lazure, author of "La Jeunesse de Québec en Révolution," studied the development of political consciousness and concluded that it is still relatively weak among the mass of the people of Quebec. "Only the two extremes, right and left, have been polarized."

He saw the Quebec revolution as consisting of social and national currents, and explained that this is why the New Democratic Party, "with only a socialist or economic interest," has never taken root.

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Hoopsters host Queen's

by Ira Turetsky and Herschy Katz

After trailing 36-25 at the half, the Redmen Basketball team came up with a superlative second half effort to blitz the host Bishops University Gaitors 75-51 in a game played in Lennoxville on Wednesday night.

Playing their first game of the season, the Redmen overcame a case of early game jitters with a relentless display of hustling defense, rebounding, and hot second half shooting. In what was an important tune-up for tonight's league opener against Queens, the Redmen displayed a well-balanced attack and good depth.

The hordes of hoop-crazed fans, who will no doubt ascend to partake of the intimate atmosphere of the Currie Gym, will behold a new look team that displays a crowd pleasing brand of high-speed basketball.

In making use of his new-found depth, Coach Mooney employs a shuttle system that makes Air Canada's Montreal-Toronto service look like the Pony Express. In tonight's crucial contest, McGill fans may expect to see any, and/or all of the following players.

Bill Holt: One of this year's co-captains, Holt was a perennial all-star in the OSL. Last year he was sidelined by a knee injury, but the

6'2" jumping jack is back in top form. This was amply demonstrated on Wednesday, when he led the team with 15 points and gathered in 12 rebounds. Holt provides excellent rebounding and defense while contributing stability and maturity.

Howard Roseman: In his second year with the Redmen, Roseman has exhibited the hustle and determination needed to transform him from an inconsistent rookie to a solid performer. Roseman led last year's team in rebounding, and he continued in that vein by pulling down 13 against Bishops.

Bill Swinden: One of several new faces on the Redmen, Swinden is a quick sharpshooting forward who, last year, led the MacDonald Clansmen in scoring. Coach Mooney hopes that Swinden will continue to exhibit the good defence and outside shooting that he showed on Wednesday as he threw in 14 points.

Mike Reid: A veteran in his third year with the team, Reid has been elected co-captain by his teammates. Always a fine shooter, Captain Mike has developed court presence and ball-handling skills to become a major asset to the Redmen offense.

Chad Gaffield: A recent victim



daily photo by Bill Ewing

REDMEN'S WANDERING GOALIE: Redmen goalie, Norm Lord is shown here returning to his nets after rink-long rush on Carabins net last Wednesday night. Lord played an outstanding game despite being caught up the ice for one U. de M. goal.

of mononucleosis, Gaffield is just rounding into top condition. The 6'2" guard is in his second year with the squad. A long-range marksman, Gaffield is one of the headiest players on the team as assist totals will attest.

Jerry St Pierre: Another newcomer, St Pierre has impressed his coach with his speed and quickness, particularly on defense.

Henri Janssen: The 6'7" mauler has brought some of the finer points of football to the basketball court. Unfortunately, while he can dominate the boards, Janssen also tends to get into foul trouble. How-

ever, Janssen has good speed to go with his size and strength, and he should be an important factor in the team's success.

Art Sandman: Sandman, who joined the team only a week ago, is an extremely quick guard with a fine shot. Given the needed experience, he could prove a major asset.

Kit Kennard: At 6'10", Kennard has tremendous potential. In the last year, he has improved immensely, but he is still developing. A quixotic youth who spends his free time composing impassioned love poems to Wilt Cham-

berlain, the aspiring center may one day be as dominant a force in basketball as he is in literary circles.

Neill Iscoe: A hard-working guard who plays good defense, Iscoe is back for his second year of varsity competition.

Clive Verge: Verge is a hustling 6'2" forward who may be victimized by the team's wealth of big men.

Steve Fraid: Long a favorite in the hearts of local hoop fans, Fraid brings an aura of intellectuality to this spectacle. He also brings experience, scoring punch, and sagging paunch to this year's squad. Coach Mooney and Fraid expect great things from this star of previous Red and White Contingents.

Tonight's game is crucial. The visiting Gaels are the defending OQAA Division Champions. Last year, the Redmen inflicted the only defeat suffered by Queen's in league competition. This year, the Gaels are equally strong, led by All-Canadian Ron Walsh, Bob Wright and new-comer Brian McKenzie.

If the Redmen are to finish first, they will have to come up with an all-out performance. They have the personnel and, apparently, the desire necessary. A huge crowd for this traditional rivalry, which might soon be ending, is a necessity. Game time for the feature attraction of Athletics Night is 8 PM.



ATHLETICS NIGHT

Tonight, the McGill Athletics Department, in cooperation with the Students' Athletics Council, will host an Athletics Night in the Sir Arthur Currie Gym.

The events will feature a continuation of one of the oldest rivalries in Canadian Intercollegiate Sports. Queen's University will challenge McGill in three activities; Sr. and Jr. Basketball and Varsity Hockey. Game times are listed in the box below.

In addition, there will be a booth set up in the gym between 6 and 8 pm. at which any "Alouette" supporters can add their names to a telegram to be sent to Toronto for the Grey Cup Game.

There will also be a Table Tennis Match of championship calibre between Michael Schreiber and Adam Cherara at half-time of the Varsity Basketball game.

SPORTS TONIGHT

BASKETBALL: Sr. — McGill vs Queens, 8:15 pm. Currie Gym
Jr. — McGill vs Queens, 6:15 pm. Currie Gym
HOCKEY: Sr. — McGill vs Queens, 8:00 pm. Winter Stadium
Jr. — McGill vs Loyola, Loyola
PING-PONG: Championship Match, Mike Schreiber vs Adam Cherara, halftime break of sr. basketball game, Currie Gym

Meet Queen's tonight

Redmen tie Carabins

Great goaltending was the order of the day as the McGill Redmen fought to a 2-2 tie with the Université de Montréal Carabins, Wednesday night.

Only a series of tremendous saves by both Norm Lord and L. St. Jean kept the score from mounting to monstrous proportions.

As far as Lord is concerned, the first period was a rather ominous indication that he was in for a long, tough night. The first twenty minutes had all the earmarks of an impending McGill disaster. It seemed that the whole period was played in the McGill end — they just couldn't get the puck out of their own zone.

One of the few times they did, Doug Crossley managed to score the only goal of the period — knocking in Tim Kerrigan's rebound.

Aside from that bright point, the Redmen were atrocious. Only a series of great stops by Lord kept them in the game during that period. Once he went down to smother a shot from the side of the crease, later he had a shot hit the inside of his skate and roll along the goal line — he fell on it just before it dribbled into the net.

The Redmen played better in the second period but it didn't do them much good. The U of M squad scored twice while Wayne Barrow countered for McGill.

The first Carabins' goal was really wild. For the first time this year Norm Lord got caught while performing his wandering act. Lord dashed all the way up to the blueline trying to beat two of the Flying Frenchmen to the puck. He got there first, knocked the puck against the boards to get by the first guy, got the puck back and tried to get by the second. In the ensuing stickhandling duel, Lord lost the puck, and before he could get back, the puck was in the net.

The second Carabins goal was scored off a long slapshot while the Redmen were a man short.

Barrow's goal was really nice. Skippy Kerner won a face-off just outside the Carabins blueline and made a perfect pass to Barrow cutting over the line. Wayne's first shot was stopped, but he knocked in his own rebound.

Notwithstanding the two goals, Lord once again was brilliant. He made two tremendous saves — one off Blais who had an open shot from 15 feet in front of the net, and then he robbed Hébert on the rebound. Near the end of the pe-

(Continued on page 6)

Miss Redmen contest...

All girls interested in fame and fortune, (and 19 gorgeous hunks crawling all over you) — read this.....

The Miss Redmen contest has commenced and club nominations by any group, club, intramural team or fraternity, are now being accepted. Entry forms can be picked up at the Daily office and at the general office in the Currie gym. Nomination papers must have 10 signatures, and these must be in by Monday at 5:00.

Tuesday at 1:00, the judges will host a luncheon and interviewing session in the Student Lounge at the Currie Gym. The new Miss Redmen will be the proud winner of a fur coat and a '70' Volkswagen, (which must be returned to the judges after the winner is announced).

Miss Redmen's official duties, (the extracurricular ones are up to her), include hostessing McGill Redmen home games. In addition, the winner is assured of a big kiss from Coach Gilmour, and, even greater that that, a season ticket to all McGill games.

Miss Redmen will assume her reserved seat next Wednesday night, when the Redmen host Laval.

Girls..... this is the chance of a lifetime!